

The TATLER

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London, August 20, 1930

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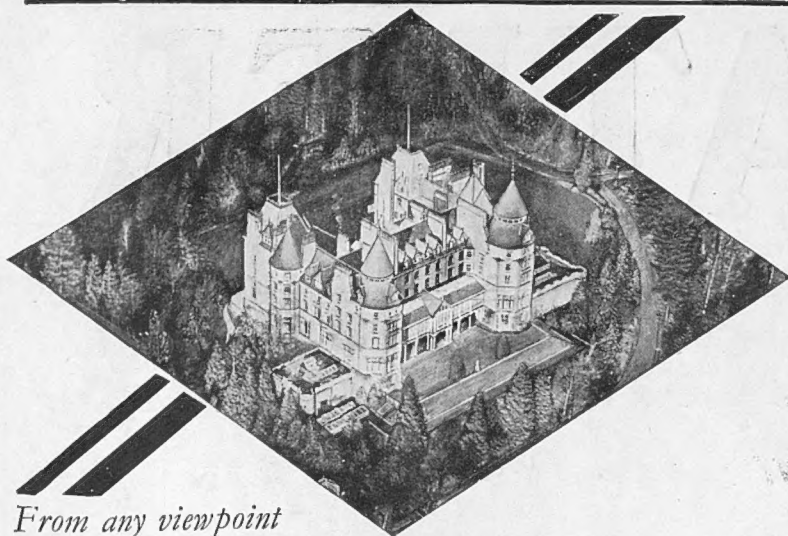
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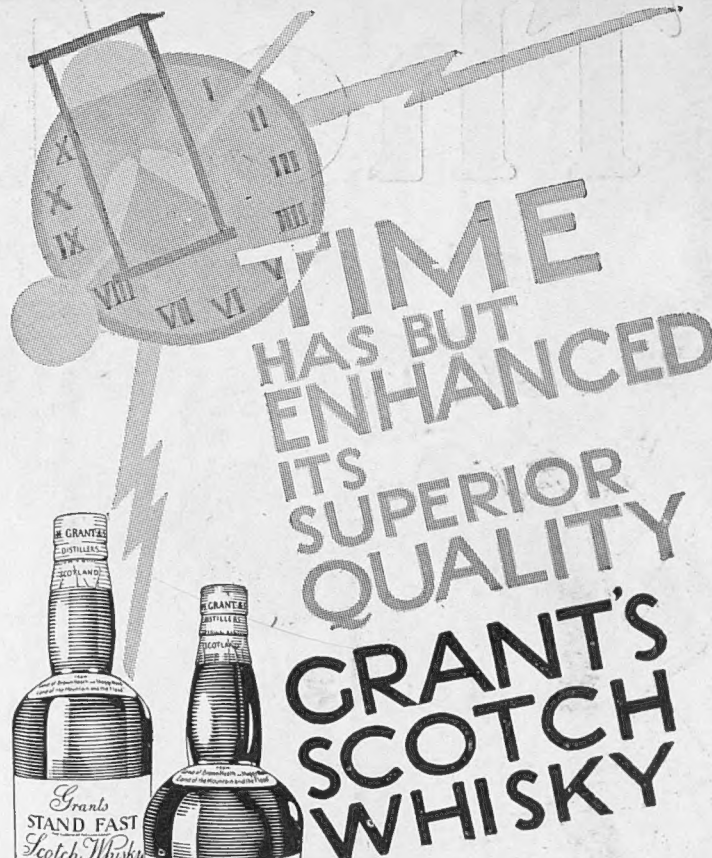
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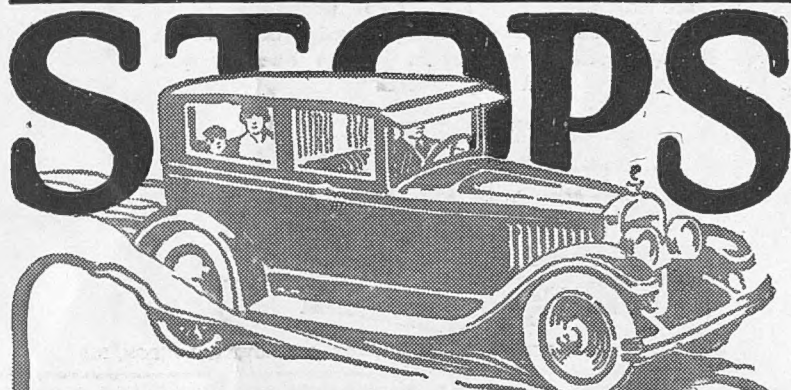
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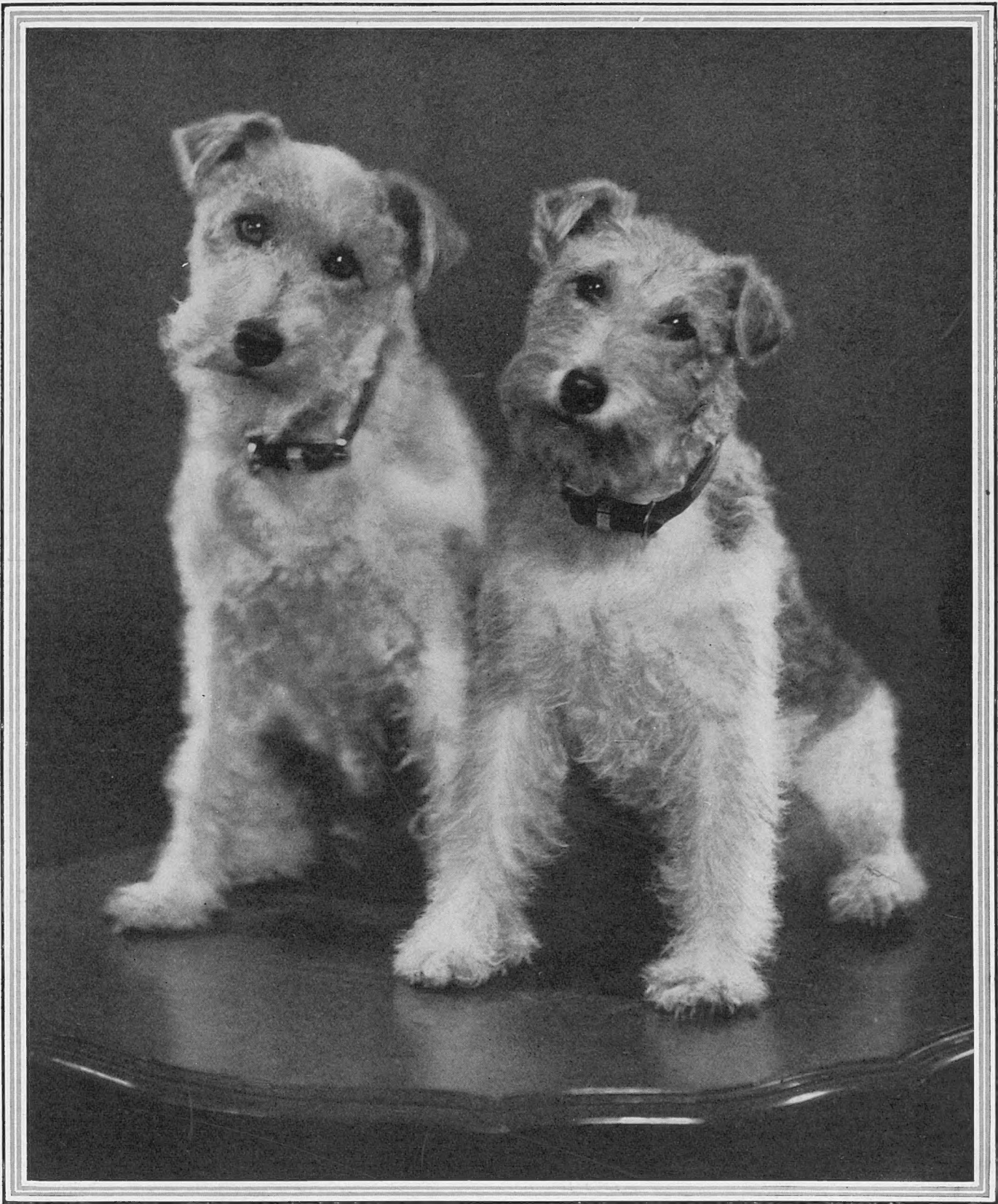
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The TATTLER

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THE DINNER BELL?

Reprograph Studios

"JANE" AND "DINAH," MR. AND MRS. GEOFFREY TOYE'S WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS

These two young Society ladies are mother and daughter. "Jane" is the mother and looks young enough to be "Dinah's" sister. Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who is a member of Lloyd's on the more serious side of his life, is a very distinguished musician and a conductor of very considerable note. He has conducted Grand Opera for Sir Thomas Beecham, to say nothing of Gilbert and Sullivan opera seasons in London. Mrs. Geoffrey Toye was Miss Doris Lytton, and both she and her sister Phyllis, Mrs. Walter Payne, are very keen golfers



AT LORD WIMBORNE'S PERTHSHIRE SHOOT

A group at Dunmour Lodge, Perthshire, where Lord Wimborne had a house party for the opening of the grouse-shooting on the Twelfth. The names, left to right, are: Lord Castlerosse, the Vicomtesse de Janze, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Wimborne, Lady Castlerosse, and the Hon. Reginald Fellowes

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W1.

YOU ungrateful Toad. Surely to goodness I did my duty by you last week in the way of general information, and now you abuse me for ignoring the Dublin Horse Show. You have only yourself to blame should the belated details I proffer be on the duller side. If so they matched the weather. It poured more often than not and consequently casual pedestrianism with the object of encountering friends was not indulged in.

One person at any rate did not allow mere rain to upset her sartorial plans. This was Lady Lavery, who was dressed entirely in white. She was in the Governor-General's box, and others to be observed there were Count McCormack and his wife, and Lord and Lady Powerscourt.

There were no outstanding features this year except perhaps the determined onslaught made on the awards by Lady Ainsworth and Mrs. "Roguey" Johnstone, who seemed to be in every riding event. Mrs. Wall was very successful too. She is a grandmother, by the way, and did not learn to ride till she was over thirty, but you would find it hard to credit either of these statements.

I wonder why a certain well-known inhabitant of West Meath thought it unnecessary to stand up when the National Anthem was played? His inverted form of musical chairs was not at all popular.

* * *

Of the four dances occurring during Horse Show week, the one in aid of the British Legion created a record by being held in two places at once, namely, the Plaza and the Metropole. Both were crowded, and the brilliant uniforms of representatives of many nationalities made the scene a very decorative one. As regards the feminine participants, the palm for the most



AT THE BUCCLEUCH PUPPY SHOW: LADY DALKEITH AND LORD GEORGE SCOTT

A snapshot at the kennels at St. Boswell's last week. Lady Dalkeith is the wife of Lord Dalkeith, who is Joint Master with his father, the Duke of Buccleuch. Lord George Scott is a brother of the Duke and takes a keen personal interest in the hound side of things. The Buccleuch and Eglinton are rated to be Scotland's best reproduction of the Shires

The Letters of Eve



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY AND THE EARL OF LONSDALE

H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood and the Earl of Harewood are Lord Lonsdale's guests at Lowther for the grouse-shooting, and this excellent snapshot was taken on Crosby Fell. As elsewhere this season, birds are both plentiful and strong on the wing

agreeable appearance was merited by Miss Dupen, a very pretty girl who has been staying with the Bartons at Straffan.

On the Tuesday Captain and Mrs. Arthur Coddington gave a dance at Old Bridge, their enormous house in County Meath. The reason for the evening's entertainment was their most attractive daughter, Diana, whose introduction to the social world occurred this summer. Colonel and Mrs. Holland's daughter was a fellow débutante, and others worthy of note were Lord and Lady Louth, the Holmpatricks, who brought a very big party (I believe they had eighteen people staying with them at Abbotstown for the Horse Show, most of them from across the water), Miss Greta Cameron from Slane Castle, Miss Molly Morrough Ryan and her parents, Colonel Filgate, the Master of the Louth, and his wife, and Mrs. Frankie and Mrs. Eddie Boylan.

* * *

The wave of post-Cowes discussions this year may be likened to the wash occasioned by liners passing up and down the

Solent. The spate of opinions which poured out of the Royal Yacht Squadron was carried on by hundreds of self-appointed critics, until the controversial topics became remote ripples on the conversational seas.

What the authorities had to say about the various accidents which occurred—one unfortunately with fatal results—was taken up in turn by all and sundry until it was impossible to discover what the suggestions for future years might be.

It is certain that the traffic problem of the Cowes Roads is almost as acute as that of Piccadilly, and it seems likely that owners of the smaller boats will refuse to compete unless they are more thoughtfully treated.

* * *

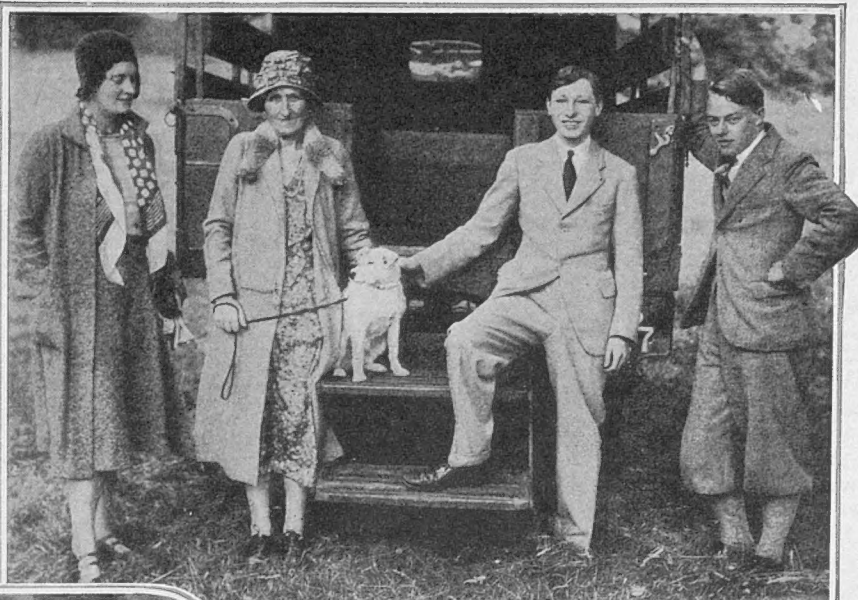
There were no complaints from the less nautically inclined, for more stable entertainments abounded, and the last few nights of the regatta presented grave problems of how to be in several places at once. Friday provided the most dazzling spectacle as a particularly fine collection of fireworks went off with a bang, and the yachts made the best possible grandstands for lots of appreciative spectators.

Mrs. Millard's wonderful dance at her house near Shanklin succeeded the fireworks, and it was difficult to believe that most of the fantastic toes there had danced away the hours of the previous night on board H.M.S. *Warspite*.

* * *

Saturday evening saw the Garland Club of Bembridge filled to the brim and overflowing on to the balcony by the water's edge. It might have been the Embassy, so good-looking and well turned out were all the people there. Mrs. de Lande Long possesses both these admirable assets, and her reputation was well upheld by a maizy-yellow frock.

Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander wore white and a genial smile, and Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry was having a well-earned holiday. She



IN PERTHSHIRE: MISS HERON-WATSON, LADY KINNAIRD, THE HON. GEORGE KINNAIRD, AND MR. CROSS

A group taken in the grounds of Rossie Priory, Lord Kinnaird's Perthshire seat, where the Rossie Priory and District Agricultural Show was held. The Hon. George Kinnaird is Lord and Lady Kinnaird's younger son

is one of the world's workers, having joined her sister's shop when the latter became Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Among the visitors who come to Bembridge every year were Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. "Minnow" Prior-Palmer, and Mrs. Toby Barnes. Have entirely forgotten to mention their husbands, but they were all there too.

* * *

In season or out you may be as certain of discovering celebrities lunching at the Ritz as you are of finding a fox in Ranksborough Gorse. In support of this statement here are some of the people who were to be seen converging on cock-tails and more solid sustenance only last week: Lady Curzon, Lady Cottingham and her lovely sister Mrs. Burke Bowen, Lady Adare, Lord Gallo-

AT MAIDENHEAD: MRS. VLASTO AND LADY NORTHESK

At the East Berks Horse Show, which happened a short time ago. Lady Northesk is Mrs. Vlasto's daughter and married Lord Northesk as his second wife in August last year

way, Mr. Roger Coke, Lord Wodehouse, and the Marchesa de Portago.

True, most of them began with one accord to make excuse when I asked how they came to be still in London, and all avowed immediate plans for Scotland, Deauville, Biarritz, Baden-Baden, or Le Touquet, according to the nature of their ailments or amusements.

* * *

Of the men left behind most are workers, whose holidays are over or not yet, or else such as young Gordon Selfridge, whose idea of a holiday is a wild dash by aeroplane or speed-boat to the farthest possible place which can be reached on a Saturday afternoon. Twenty-four hours later he achieves an equally rapid return, and it is amazing how far afield he gets in a short time.

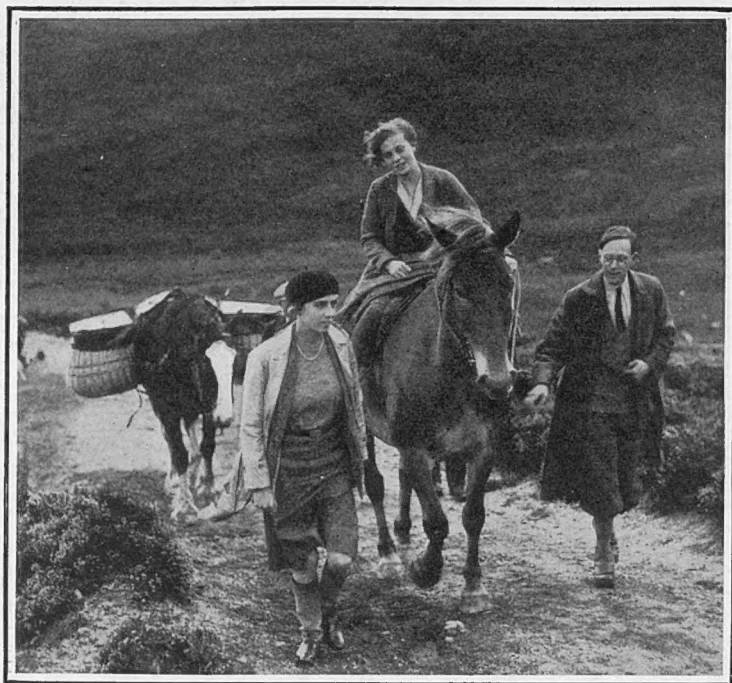
Have I ever told you about his flat in Farm Street? It is a marvel of ingenuity and almost solves the problem of containing the greater within the less. Thought out in every detail by two clever young architects, Paul Paget and John Seely, the small area occupied

(Continued on p. 334)



AT THE RECENT LUTTERWORTH SHOW

A group of well-known people in the hunting and polo worlds: Major Godfrey Heseltine (who used to be Master of the Essex Union Hounds), Major Cross, Lady Cromwell, Lady Locke-Elliot, Mr. R. W. Kaye (a former Master of the South Notts and who is said to be going to the Rufford), Lord Cromwell, and Mr. Mackarness



BRINGING HOME THE BAG: THE HON. YOSKYL PEARSON, THE HON. BRENDA PEARSON, AND LORD FITZ HARRIS

At Lord and Lady Cowdray's grouse shoot over the moors at the Forest of Birse, Aberdeenshire. The Hon. Yoskyl and the Hon. Brenda Pearson are two of Lord and Lady Cowdray's five daughters. The second daughter, the Hon. Angela Pearson, is to be married on August 25 to Mr. George Anthony Murray, and the wedding will take place from Cowdray Park. Lord Fitz Harris is the Earl of Malmesbury's son and heir

provides every possible need. Nothing superfluous is allowed but every comfort encouraged. The furniture is a component part of the flat and such ingredients as aluminium, calf skin, and convex mirrors are concerned with the actual structure. His car, too, has a specially designed lair and he can step into it without leaving the house.

Talking of speed-boats (and if you cast back you'll see that I was) reminds me of a brilliant young man whom I encountered the other day on the Embankment, not "down and out," but ploughing his way through trams and petrol fumes from chambers in the Temple to his house in Cheyne Walk. His name is Sylvester Gates and he means to acquire one of these quick-travelling conveyances to do, without fuss or worry, what now takes him weary spells of Underground, trams, or 'buses.

Mr. Gates being already possessed of an abnormal quantity himself, chose to marry brains in the person of Miss Nancy Tennant. He is a barrister, and it was of him that Lord Oxford once said "That young man will go far."

He has not gone as far so he intended this summer, but his satisfaction at having been appointed to a task worthy of his powers mitigated the disappointment of not being able to visit Venice with his wife. They had planned a holiday together, motoring there by pleasant and unhurried stages. But Mrs. Gates has now to do the basking for both.

She is an artist of considerable ability and has also a passion for gardening. The result achieved in the small space behind their Chelsea house just shows what diligence and imagination will produce in the way of flowers.

We may have hated the rains of July but now we reap the reward in the glorious greenness, of June rather than early autumn, which decorates the country. I spent a week-end in entrancing surroundings, to wit Birch Hall, an old hunting-box of James I's, which once stood in the centre of Windsor Forest, and though the map has changed, is still in the loveliest of English country. It is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock (she, you know, is Mrs. Sylvester Gates's mother).

The hunting of Jacobean days has now evolved into the pursuit of golf-balls on West Hill links, a course which is an inspiration to good golfers. It, too, belongs to Mrs. Lubbock, and the club can boast, justifiably, of being able to muster one of the strongest teams, including twelve Internationals, amongst them Major Hezlet and Mr. J. B. Beck.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Thanks to the improved car-shipping facilities now in force, numberless people have taken their cars abroad with them this year. Though many tie themselves down to arrive at a given place on a given date by a carefully planned route, there are others who prefer to let the destination wait upon the mood. As, for instance, one friend in particular who, when asked whither she was bound, replied: "I don't know. I shall just turn to the right on the other side." Perhaps Deauville was indicated, and of this fashionable tannery I hope to have some good news for you next week.

Mrs. Nichols, whose cosmopolitan dinner-parties are such entertaining assemblages, has gone, via the *Golden Arrow*, to Biarritz—rather surprising, considering her passion for Scotland and dancing reels. However, Biarritz has plenty to offer in the way of alternative amusements, and if the bathing were safer it would have few rivals. Mrs. Barry Domville is also there with her little boy. She was a Bellew before her marriage and can claim the same good looks as her sister, Mrs. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas.

I hear from Major Herbrand Alexander, Lord Caledon's brother, that there is polo galore this year and hundreds of clubs are being exercised daily on the very picturesque golf course.

"Never refuse a good offer" is, on the face of it, a sound adage, but its speciousness does not escape the discerning. Mrs. Horace Seymour is one of these, and her experience while on a shopping expedition is worth recounting.

Seeing a most fascinating Chinese cabinet decorating a window near Grosvenor Square, she advanced into the shop and inquired the price. On being told one hundred guineas she thanked the merchant graciously and hurriedly explained that what she really was requiring was a vacuum cleaner. "Madam," said the young man, with almost a sob in his voice, "if you'll buy the cabinet I'll give you the vacuum cleaner."

The following also struck me as being not unamusing. An American friend of mine with strong ideas on the value of water as a beverage decided on bribery as a means of making her young children drink more of it. The sum offered was a penny for every bottle of Evian that they emptied. The day after this plan was agreed upon she left them alone for the afternoon. When she returned two inflated and prostrate forms met her horrified gaze. Their owners had just enough strength to mutter feebly, "You owe us 1s. 6d.," and all around was evidence that the money had been well and truly earned. A good effort, don't you agree?—Yours ever, EVE.



AS NORTH BERWICK: LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. J. A. INNES, LADY DALRYMPLE, AND MR. JAMES INNES

It may be a bit breezy and fresh like in the South where we ought to be having some real cricketing weather—but are not—in North Berwick with the North Sea just alongside it is even breezier. Lieut.-Colonel James Innes has a house at North Berwick, Inchgarry. Mrs. Innes is a grand-daughter of the Hon. William and Lady Adelaide Dawnay, and Lady Dalrymple, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Augustus Thorne, is the wife of Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple, who has also got a house at North Berwick, The Lodge



Her Majesty THE QUEEN

A New Portrait

The First Lady in the Land, our well-beloved Queen Mary, has enshrined herself in the hearts of her people by the sympathy and constant and unselfish thought for others, which are such outstanding characteristics of Her Majesty's gracious personality. Though the calls on her time are never ending, hardly a day passes that the Queen does not set out to visit one of the numberless charitable enterprises which are honoured by her personal interest, and in which no detail is considered too small to be worthy of notice. Her Majesty has a great love for beautiful things, and is a keen collector with an expert knowledge of old china, pictures, and furniture. The King and Queen left London last week for Sandringham on their way to Balmoral.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson,
New Bond Street



The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE
Loyalties

IN one of his wickedest parodies Mr. Max Beerbohm made Mr. George Moore wonder why when people talked to him of Tintoretto he always found himself thinking of Turgenev. One of my disabilities as a writer is that I always want to write about something other than the job in hand. This afternoon I went to the pictures to see Lillian Gish, not because I supposed she would be particularly worth seeing these days, or because I wanted to hear how she mishandled the English language, but out of loyalty to an old affection. And of course the word "loyalty" suggested another train of reflection, for as I write the newspapers are buzzing with news of the deposition of Chapman, an act which seems to me, of all the revolting and insensate things ever done by a selection-committee, the most revolting and insensate. By the time these lines are printed it will be too late in the day to analyse Chapman's past achievements. I shall refer only to that catch at Lord's which got rid of Bradman in the second innings, as to which I hold that a man who could make catches like that should be played for England till palsy prevents him from putting one hand over the other. But the point which moves me most is the matter of loyalty to a Captain with a record in Captaincy unbeaten by any who ever led an English team. Other papers have made the comparison with military matters, and alleging that the most brilliant General who is out of luck must be deposed, have sought to apply the analogy to Test Captains. This seems to me to confound warfare with mimic warfare. It may be vitally important who wins a campaign or a battle; it is not *vitally* important to anybody or anything, except the circulations of newspapers, whether eleven young Englishmen beat eleven young friends from Australia or *vice versa*. The greatest evil in this absurdly exaggerated exaltation of Test Matches—an exaltation artfully manufactured by the newspapers to their own profit—is that we are all likely to forget that cricket is after all a game. Upon battles the welfare of nations depends, or is said to depend, as we can easily see from the fact that England, which won the last War, has now more unemployed than all the other countries who took part in it put together. Or near enough. But no child in the slums is more hungry or less educated because Mr. Bobby Jones did four rounds at Sandwich in some three strokes less than a lot of other people who might have been more usefully engaged. Incidentally I desire it to be remarked that I am a keen golfer. Nobody in England would be a less good citizen because Australia contrives to make 1,087 runs as against England's miserable total of 1,086. I also desire it to be remarked that I shall be in Brittany before the first ball of this match is bowled and am arranging for the score to be telegraphed twice a day and at the conclusion of each innings. In other words, I have the normal Englishman's frantic desire that we should win this match. Or had—until they deposed Chapman. What happens now I do not really much care. I shall not cancel the arrangements about the telegrams, but I say quite frankly that I would rather have lost the match under Chapman than win it under anybody else. The whole proceeding seems to me to be so essentially ignominious. By the time these lines appear we shall know what luck has attended Mr. Wyatt. It is said that anybody can govern in a state of siege, and this may be equally true of a state of panic. In my humble opinion panic was never more openly declared than in this decision to choose for Captain one who has no experience of Test cricket. Let there be no mistake. I do not deny that Wyatt may at the moment be in better form than Chapman. My point is that I would rather lose with Grace than win without it. Readers may ask what all this gush has to do with Gish. The answer is—nothing whatever, except that mention of this charming little actress started the subject of loyalty.

What is this mania possessed by the film industry for presenting well-known plays under another title? The film in which Miss Gish is appearing at the Marble Arch Pavilion bears the innocuous title of *One Romantic Night*, and to this film I went in all good faith, never dreaming that I was to be bored once again with the work of that ineffable Hungarian, Ferenc Molnar. The film turned out to be *The Swan* all over again. Surely the ordinary playgoer has a grievance here, for I conceive that anybody who has spent one evening at any play



BÉBÉ DANIELS IN "RIO RITA"

Which, however, is not quite her latest picture, for since this "winner" she has had a really big success in the new film *Dixiana*, which is on its way to London. Bébé Daniels has a beautiful voice, and another of her talents is that she can swim like a fish

does not want on the following night to have the same play foisted upon him under another name. In my view the film was shockingly acted, these American film-players apparently knowing as much about the way royalty behaves as the average cab-horse knows of the Royal Mews. I have always adored Miss Gish, but on condition that she is surrounded by a snow-storm, brutal parents, or hordes of lascivious Chinese. Her eyes are still that enormous distance apart upon which all wistfulness depends; her nose is still one sixty-fourth part of an inch too short, and her mouth not quite where it should be. In other words, I am still in love with her. But that does not prevent me from recognizing that the upper-housemaid is the extremity of this actress's social range. I had difficulty in getting a programme, so the always courteous management of this house arranged to obtain one for me at the end of the performance. Opening it as I write, I discover that it is a programme having to do with some other show! I mention this understandable detail merely because it precludes me from knowing who the other players were. The actress who played the Princess's mother had features with which I was completely familiar but I could not allocate them to their owner. Vaguely I associated them with the massive termagants of slapstick comedy and the heedless recipients of a wash-tub's contents. As a queen, reigning or otherwise, the actress in question seemed to me to be completely unthinkable, though of her skill in humbler parts I have many delighted recollections. The Prince in this film can never be a satisfactory creature, though there was no reason for presenting him as a howling cad! The vilest middle-class American was spoken throughout, and it was perhaps significant that as the entertainment wore on the sparse audience thinned itself perceptibly. I shall in future very carefully examine the titles of the films produced at what I have always regarded as my favourite picture-house. If, for example, I see anything calling itself *The Gipsy's Lady* I shall at once say to myself, "Ha, ha! Molnar's *Liliom*! No, you don't!" And I shall immediately hie me to somewhere where they are performing *The Red Tunic*—and discover, of course, that this is only Molnar's *The Guardsman*. I have only two requests to make of the film-industry. First, that they tell us what plays their films are derived from; and second, that they desist from perpetuating the masterpieces of the most crashing of Hungarian bores.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. 271



IN PROPER POURVILLE FORM: MISS HILL AND COMMANDER AND MRS. CROSSE

GONE ABROAD

Society takes ship
for Northern France



DEAUVILLE IS GOOD FOR TWO

Sir Walter de Frece makes a point of showing Deauville's attractions to his wife, whose recovery from a long and serious illness is a matter of congratulation to her legion of friends. Sir Walter has been Member for Blackpool since 1924



POUR POURVILLE

Miss Sheila and Miss Velma Stephenson and their beach outfits have been adding to the general gaiety of Dieppe's near neighbour, popular Pourville



MRS. TYRREL-MARTIN AND THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO ON DEAUVILLE'S POLO GROUND

Deauville is also receiving the mead of appreciative visitors which it merits. Polo contests are now in full swing there, and the Marquis de Portago is one of the well-known representatives of Spain taking part in them. Racing is an alternative amusement which appeals particularly to Lady Carlisle and Lord Furness



RACING AT DEAUVILLE: LADY CARLISLE AND LORD FURNESS

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

AUGUST racing is as a whole one of the dullest methods of killing time conceivable, and one can but envy those who have the fortune to be able to go South to get the sun on their backs, to go North to get more or less permanently wet, or to America with probably the same result. The last Friday before the 12th saw the final emptying of London, Buck's Club, that resort of the polo world, losing the American team spare men, managers, and lookers-on, to say nothing of one of our most prominent Tattersalls layers who is travelling incognito with a view to "working the boats" as a set-off to what must have been a moderate year with the book. The remaining denizens of the members' enclosures departed by train or car for Scotland, Yorkshire, or Wales to start in shooting on the Twelfth. Having had so many expressions of thanks for my short summary of information this time last year on how, not only to get to the South of France, but to get back again still in full and undisputed possession of one's boots and shirt, I feel there are many lacking in information about Scotland, the methods of getting there, and shooting grouse, or going through the motions sufficiently well to deceive one's host.

As regards getting there, the train is without any question several stone ahead of the car, and were I drawing anything for advertisements I would reveal which line has the best sleepers—with box-spring mattresses. For those who go by car the Carlisle route is the best, but on crossing the border they will be saddened by the dead-alive appearance of Gretna Green. Not so many years ago this was a busy hive of industry in the days when men were so anxious to marry that they could survive the dreadful drive across the moors from Appleby in an open chaise with no abatement of their ardour in order to get their marriage registered at Weatherbys, on the unsupported word of the local Bob Woods. Hardly would they go across the street in a luxurious car these days. Let the testimonial of the local blacksmith legalize divorce, and the prosperity of the old town would return again from the thousands who, if necessary, would cross the moors on all-fours on broken bottles and think nothing of it.

The Lowlands of Scotland are unpicturesque and chiefly famous for exporting Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It is not till Blair Atholl that the Highlands proper are reached, where dwell that hardy race who, by discovering that even if porridge and haggis are unappetizing as articles of diet, they are non-poisonous, and sufficiently sustaining for their use to be adopted in kennels by every master of hounds in the world.

The shooting of grouse may be conducted over dogs or by driving over guns in butts. The pleasure of the former is entirely in the hands of the dogs, who can make the day roseate or a far darker shade. Nothing can be more delightful than

watching a perfect team of dogs ranging, backing each other, and drawing up to the covey as though they were walking on egg-shells. Nothing could be worse than having every bird put up out of range by a couple of dingo-bred menaces.

Whether in butts or over dogs, it is often the custom of guests to bring their own retrievers, nearly always obese animals from the fireside who would appear to have had the olfactory nerve removed and the ears filled with some non-conductor of sound. They generally, in the interests of their master, pick up everyone's birds but their own, but this should not be grudged, as usually in the process they eat a couple, which renders them too comatose to chase hares. Shooting in butts is a method which can far more easily be shared and appreciated by the fair

sex, entailing as it does less walking and an unrivalled opportunity for a one-sided gossip. Sitting well down in the shelter of the butt, they are able to carry on a monologue which is generally completely inaudible to the "gun" looking over the top with the wind whistling past his ears. Should an answer to a question be insistently required the perfect gentleman ducks his head to reply, invariably at the moment chosen by a covey to pass the butt.

It is not so many years ago that from this occurred what might have ended in unpleasantness in a party. A pretty, artless, garrulous girl entered the butt of a friend of mine, a keen shot, for the last drive of the day, and at dinner-time it was noticed she was missing. She was found next day stamped into a peat hag with some hares the ponies couldn't carry, and had not the host noticed my friend had shot at nothing the whole drive he would have administered a sharp rap over the knuckles.

Lunch is the time for vindication, and the following are worth remembering:

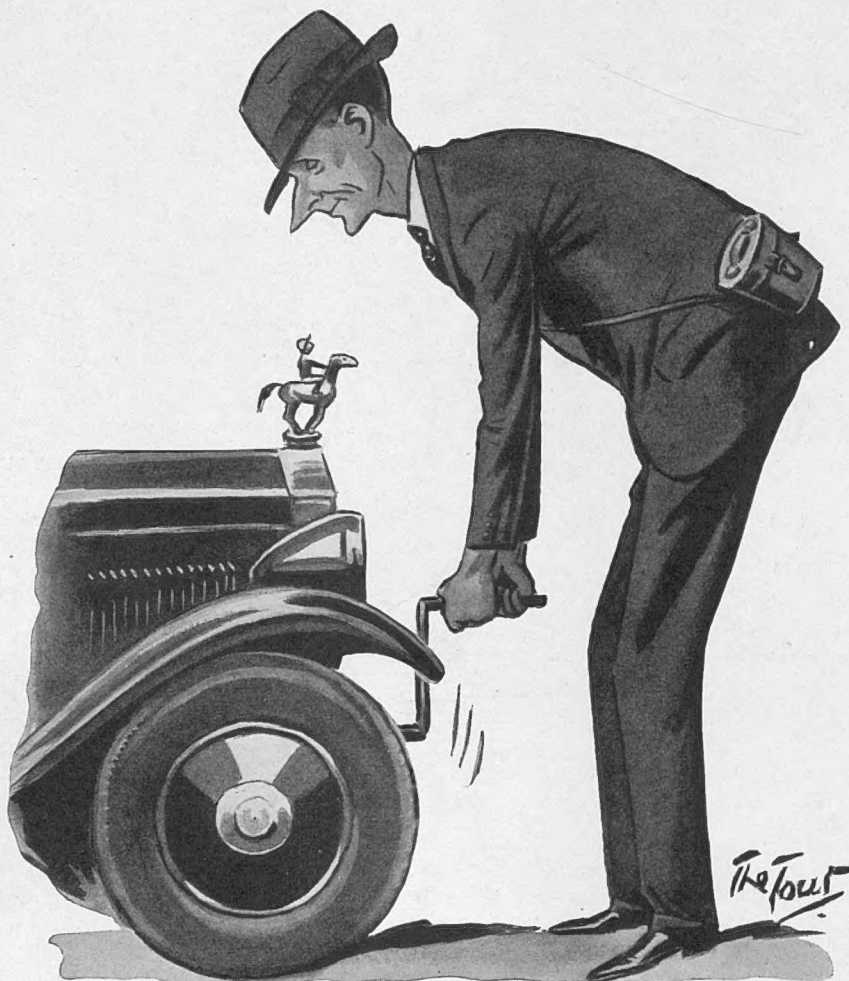
(1) Your host never kills an already dead bird of yours or halves

one with you. You missed clean an almost impossible shot which only a man of his calibre could kill.

(2) "You picked those twelve birds on the right of my butt that drive, didn't you, George?" you inquire in a *déagé* way. "Yes," replies George, who had every right to. "Then that's all right as long as someone did," you answer, thus earning a reputation for shooting and magnanimity in one.

(3) Make of powder, size of shot and pattern, are all well-worn excuses for shooting. Any port in a storm, but probably it is the quality and quantity absorbed and the frequency of storms that is at the root of the matter.

The roar of the ring and the unyielding asphalt seem very far away, the clouds make blotches of shadow on the hills, the river roars down in spate, and as one breathes in the heather-smelling breeze and waits for the birds to come one wonders how anyone can spend the summer elsewhere than in this the most glorious country in the world.



CRANKING UP THE "SIX WHEELER"?

MR. H. F. CLAYTON

That good horse of his, Six-Wheeler (second a bit ago in the Manchester Cup), is named after the owner's six-wheeler 'buses, so well known up in the North of England. In May Six-Wheeler won the 1½-mile Great Northern Handicap at York

"IT WAS WORTH DOING!"



THE LUNCH TO "JOHNNIE"—BY FRED MAY

A slightly belated but none the less interesting collection of portraits of some of the people who were at the Welcome Home lunch at the Savoy Hotel to the lady who hates being called Miss Amy Johnson. The speeches, including that of the guest of honour herself, were admirable, but one of the best was Mr. Jim Thomas'. "Don't be too keen," he said to Miss Johnson, "on all this humbug of breaking records. I have broken records in the number of unemployed. Records, you know, cut both ways." Someone also advised Miss Johnson to "marry and settle down," but at the moment, as we understand things, a forced landing is the very last thing the intrepid young lady has in mind



MR. KARL LAEMMLE AND HERR ERICH REMARQUE

The famous President of the Universal Pictures Corporation and the even more famous author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," which, with "Journey's End," ranks as one of the most gripping and realistic stories of the Great War. The "All Quiet on the Western Front" film is still on in London and thousands have seen it

A Gorgeous Satire.

MR. PARHAM was a very worried man. He was an Oxford professor. But that didn't worry him, except that the modern world, as he viewed its capers—"capers" was the exact word—seemed to him as if it wanted to discard all historical precedent, often, it would appear, simply because it *was* a precedent, and precedents had landed the world into one tragic mess after another, so what good are they? Rich men, like Sir Bussy Woodcock, *par exemple*. Leaders without "newspaper headlines" they were. Powerful, important, representative. Representative of what? Mr. Parham was puzzled to answer that question. So far as things echoed history, Mr. Parham knew where the world was heading and why. But the Bussy Woodcocks of the modern world didn't seem to belong to history at all. Yet they were moulding the future—moulding it, moreover, against all sanctified rules. And with no tradition behind them. No respect for tradition. Showing their dislike of it by laughing at it. "What is Art?" asked Sir Bussy as he accompanied Mr. Parham round the National Gallery in a desire (so Mr. Parham was under the delusion) of acquiring an æsthetic education, hopelessly neglected in the case of Sir Bussy Woodcocks. "What is Art?" questioned Mr. Parham, playing for time. "A big question." "Not Art—just this painting," corrected Sir Bussy. "It's Art," said Mr. Parham. "Art in its nature. One and indivisible." "Gaw," said Sir Bussy softly, and became still more earnestly expectant. "Gaw" was Sir Bussy's expletive at the end of all profound sentences which Mr. Parham uttered when, as it were, he sought to express any unarguable conviction which the world had sanctified through long usage. But this visit to the National Gallery is only one of the inimitable scenes between Mr. Parham, representative of evolutionary habits and thought, and Sir Bussy Woodcock, representative of a new kind of "First Cause," evolved apparently from nothing or only from the War, which make the first half of Mr. H. G. Wells' new story, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), the brilliant satire it is and the best story because less like a deliberate political tract which Mr. Wells has written for some years. It is a story, however, without a love interest, without even a sex interest, but a story which enthralls nevertheless. Maybe, because of the absence of this love-interest. Love has been done to death in novels. Turned inside out. Even Freud, whose discoveries did at least lend it another facet, has become a little dusty about the beard. "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" has a real plot, even though Mr. Wells' well-known "message" is there, weaving, however, the plot together, not obliterating its pattern. And what a marvellous story-teller he is—when he likes. How rarely, how very rarely can another author embody a fixed point of view to a character and yet keep that individual a real human being? Mr. Wells can. From Sir Bussy, who sums up all Art as "pickled stuff," to General Gerson, who worked an electric drill in his back garden to "create a hostile

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

audience what was of no use in checking any tendency to slack off"—the characters each embody a fixed idea, yet still are gloriously living. The first part, which shows how Mr. Parham in seeking to cultivate the good graces of Sir Bussy Woodcock, hoping thereby to persuade him to found a weekly newspaper of which Mr. Parham might be the distinguished editor, finds himself involved in a whole collection of post-War ideas and people which seem to him to have no "history" or recognizable background behind them, is a satire as amusing as it is cruelly pointed. It is only, however, when Mr. Parham goes to a spiritualistic séance with Sir Bussy and there is impregnated by the mind of a Master Spirit from Mars, so that he becomes the Lord Paramount and the Mussolini of England, that the "message" of the story becomes manifest. As dictator, Lord Paramount follows the ancient traditions. Russia becomes the necessary "enemy" against which England must "be prepared," and against which as many European countries as possible must be roped in, secret treaties signed, and the flag and the sword kept aired and sharpened. Eventually, also according to tradition, some quite minor offence develops into a major conflict. Millions of men are killed, millions of homes ruined, death, destruction, famine everywhere—all according to historical precedent. Only when at long last civilization is at its final gasp, thanks to all these armies and navies and the dictator traditions, have the military to turn to the scientists as towards their saviour. But alas! for them the scientists have no historical traditions, no narrow patriotism after the flag-wagging ideal; no ideal at all in fact other than the betterment of the whole world by science and the joy of each new scientific discovery. A joy which is a joy unto itself and for neither aggrandisement nor aggression. The scientists therefore refuse to supply to the enemy the secret and terrible gas L, which would alone bring victory. Consequently war has perforce to come to an end. The dictators are hounded down. The Men of Thought at last withholding the trump card of scientific destruction from the Men of War. It is, of course, all a dream. But the message behind the story is no dream. Nor is the warning. Nor, let us hope, one day will be the fulfilment. The actual writing of this story is Mr. Wells at his best. Amusing, witty, vivid. Moreover the plot moves swiftly, culminating in a description of a battle in the air which has in it the horror of a nightmare. And by whose inspired thought was it that "Low" should illustrate this book? It is impossible to imagine any artist who could have illustrated such a story better. Indeed, the pictures are as much part of the actual writing. Yes, they are as unusual and as apt as all that! The perfect collaboration.

* Murder's Vaudeville Programme.

A leading doctor has recently been telling people that if they would reap the full benefit of their holiday they should cut

(Continued on p. 342)



Hay Wrightson

MISS BARBARA HUTCHINSON

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hutchinson. Mr. St. John Hutchinson is the well-known barrister and has been Recorder of Hythe since 1928. He is a son of the late Sir Charles Hutchinson, M.P. Mrs. Hutchinson is a daughter of Sir Hugh Barnes, who has had a very distinguished career in India and is chairman of the Imperial Bank of Persia

FUNERAL "MEETS"

By George Belcher



"And everything at the funeral was most proper, Mrs. Green, even to a black frill round the 'am and black-'eaded pins for the winkles

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

themselves adrift and endeavour to do something they have never done before. Easier said than done, of course. Still, as half the best adventures in life are enjoyed in imagination, this is the reason, I suppose, why stories about murders never seem to lose their popularity, and an "ideal holiday book" is either something in the P. G. Wodehouse vein or else criminal to the nth degree. So here are three, each one an excellent example of fun and fierceness. For fun, take with you Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's latest, "Very Good, Jeeves" (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.); for fierceness, pack up "The Shop Window Murders" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), by Vernon Loder, and "Voodoo" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), by John Esteven. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is again up to his quite inimitable best. As amusing a book as you will find on the book-stalls at the moment. How Mr. Wooster, the master, handled delicate personal problems and bungled them inevitably, and how his man-servant, Jeeves, took them in hand and brought them to a successful issue, makes first-class entertainment. The incidents are accompanied, so to speak, by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's usual assortment of human oddities, chiefly very young or very old, each one of whom is thoroughly dislikable in a thoroughly laughable way. Altogether a most amusing book—if you are amused by the humour of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Humour, however, is a matter of individuality, but crime seems to forge humanity into one fellowship. Mr. Loder certainly stages his murder

against a most original background. Thanks to artfully inspired paragraphs in the Sunday newspapers a large crowd of spectators had gathered in the front of Mander's Stores to inspect through the huge window-panes a wonderful collection of wax figures attired in fancy-dress, the scene arranged as if behind the glass there were a ball in progress. The blinds are drawn down until the great

moment, and when they are raised the crowd bursts into loud applause. Applause turns into cries of horror, however, when a few moments later the onlookers see that the proprietor, Tobias Mander, is lying stone-dead in the foreground of the picture. The blind is hastily lowered, the police are sent for. But that is not all. Another figure, sitting in a chair at the back of the imitation ball-room, turns out to be Miss Turnour, head-buyer in the millinery department of the stores, and she, too, has been stabbed in the back with some thin-bladed weapon, and sits there in full view of the crowd—dead. The rest of the story is, of course, a clearing-up of this mystery. Fortunately, the method employed is as original as the crime itself is unusual. "The Shop Window Murders" is the kind of story which you simply can't help finishing when once you have begun to read it. It will pass for many readers an otherwise dreary afternoon. "Voodoo," however, is more the story of a massacre than a mere murder. True, Judge Frole is killed mysteriously, which seemed rather a pity, because he had done nothing more heinous than carry out the race-segregation laws of the Southern State; but at the end of the book almost everyone of any interest is wiped out relentlessly. The author evidently believes that in the octoroon's brain there lingers the possibility of sheer evil from which other races are immune. So his octoroons are blessed or cursed with uncanny qualities, including hypnotism. It is all rather "creepy" but equally thrilling. It is, however, not in the least bit cheerful—ever. Its quality is grim and powerful. Both are well-sustained.



Wife: Can't you row a bit faster, 'Erbert? The remains of our tea is overtakin' us!

A Book of Queer Adventures.

The spirit of adventure leads certain men to undertake the queerest things, doesn't it? The recent tragedy of the Greek *chef* who tried to cross the Niagara Falls enclosed in a tub is an illustration of this. Sometimes one would really like to ask these adventurers before they set out what was the idea behind their exploit. Such discomfort, such danger, endured for no easily conceivable purpose. The more difficult the feat however, the greater the fun, and this is thrillingly illustrated by Mr. Owen Tweedy in his book, "By Way of the Sahara" (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Tweedy's notion was to cross from Rejah, by way of the Nile-Congo watershed, through Belgian Congo and French Equatoria, Nigeria and the French Niger Province, across the Sahara Desert, in a 10-cwt. Chevrolet commercial van, which by its general appearance might have failed, not without honour, to traverse the length of the Cromwell Road! "*Quelle toupée!*" as the Frenchman said when he encountered the car on the last stage of the desert traverse. But in the mind of the author of this interesting and entertaining book, with his two companions, Mr. Dick Crofton, who really inspired the idea, and Mohamed Boon, an ex-elephant poacher who was ready to go anywhere provided a good gun accompanied him; in the minds of these three, the queerness of the expedition and its risk was the greatest fun of the whole queer business. And

what a journey it was! Not overmuch time to make any observations, since when the going was good they had to make up for lost time, and when it was bad—well, sometimes it looked as if the car would never go again! Yet it was wonderful what the author did see and observe. He has many interesting things to tell us by way of comparison between the English, the French, and the Belgian

control of Northern Africa. But perhaps the fact that a motor-omnibus service crosses the Sahara during the season will appear the most remarkable of all. Still one is not surprised to learn that under the same circumstances Mr. Tweedy would not undertake the journey again. One must thank him, however, for an unusual and exciting book of certainly unusual and equally exciting adventure. So far as his readers may be concerned his exploits were well worth while. He has given them a most interesting and often thrilling volume.

And Now a Book of Imagined Adventures.

The two heroes of Mr. Hulbert Footner's novel, "Trial by Water" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), are two young men who were not only born with a golden spoon in their mouths but with one in each of their hands as well. Sons of multi-millionaires, they imagined themselves to be also two of Nature's Grandees. By way of finding excitement they set out on a hunting trip accompanied by a retinue of servants and a superabundance of trunks. On the train, however, they fell in with an old settler, whom the young men, scenting bait, try to make a "catch." Fortunately for them, however, the old settler puts before them tersely just of how little real importance they are to the world. This stirs them to revolt. To prove their own metal they leave the train and strike out across country alone. Then their adventures begin. Robbery, bandits, maidens in dire distress—they miss nothing which makes an exciting story. Mr. Footner relates these adventures admirably. The result being that he has given us an ideal holiday book.

UP AT NORTH BERWICK



MR. LESLIE BALFOUR-MELVILLE, MR. ROBERT GRIMSTON, MRS. HARRY BUXTON, AND MRS. ROBERT GRIMSTON, WAITING FOR STARTER'S ORDERS



THE HON. RONALD STRUTT, MR. E. ESMOND AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS LULU ESMOND

The attack on North Berwick has begun earlier than usual this year, many people having called in there to exercise their golf clubs before proceeding to keep an engagement with a grouse moor. Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, however, makes his home at this delectable spot, and despite his seventy-six years still plays first-class golf, as becomes a former amateur champion. Mrs. Robert Grimston is Sir Cecil Neumann's sister



Lord Belper's eldest son was playing in good company when taking part in a round with Mr. Esmond and his daughter. Golf comes about second to racing in the well-known owner's list of recreations, and he is very partial to North Berwick. The engagement of Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere and Mr. John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, was announced last month, and their marriage has been arranged to take place at the Guards Chapel some time towards the end of October



LADY ROSABELLE BRAND AND MRS. JULIAN STEELE

Ba main

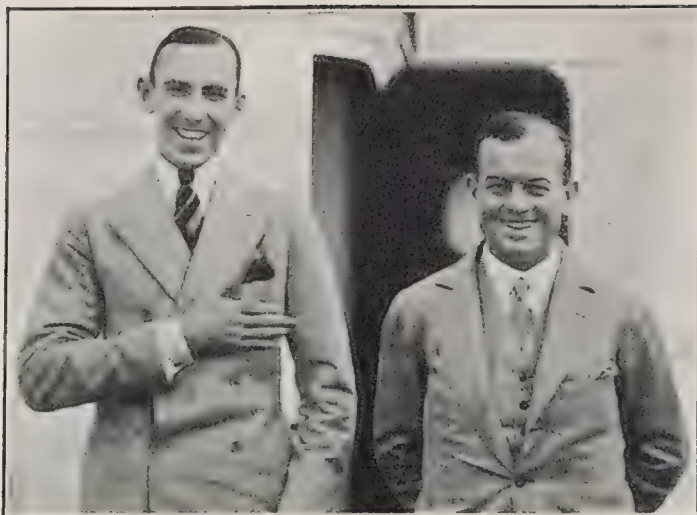
TWO UP AND DOING

Balmain

Mrs. Bell Walker, the Scottish International, and Sir Duncan Hay proceeding swiftly in pursuit of their golf balls. Sir Duncan Hay of Hays-town is a D.L. for Peeblesshire, and a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland. Lady Rosabelle Brand (on the left) is Lord Rosslyn's elder daughter, and Mrs. Steele is the widow of General Julian Steele



MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE AND MR. JOHN DRURY-LOWE



FLIGHT-LIEUT. ATCHERLEY AND HERR FRITZ LOHSE

On the day they left Southampton to represent England and Germany at the American National Air Pageant at Chicago. Flight-Lieut. Atcherley is the famous Schneider Cup pilot, and Herr Fritz Lohse is, in the front rank of German pilots

Women Pilots.

IT is the fashion of the moment to hail the all-conquering female. The great organs of public opinion depress the keys of a juicy cord, agitate the swell pedal, and shake the earth with their vibrato (*vox populi, vox humana*). And it is true that women are doing men's work better than men. There has been a little squabbling about one young woman to be sure. One heroine was received with mingled cheers and sneers, but generally the opinion is that women can now do everything except rear children and organize households. Their skill in motor-car and aeroplane is evident and incontestable. But in this pæan of praise a little more discrimination would be an advantage. Miss Winifred Brown made a fine flight in the King's Cup Race, Miss Amy Johnson did well on her flight to Australia, but surely the finest feat yet performed by a woman pilot was Miss Spooner's in the International Air Tour. Comparatively this feat has received little notice. Miss Spooner in her Gipsy Moth gained fourth place in the competition, the highest place gained by any British entrant. During the tour she kept close on the heels of Captain Broad, who is without doubt the best light aeroplane pilot in Britain, and probably in the world. Captain Broad and Mr. A. S. Butler, it will be recalled, led the way round Europe at a pace which left all the foreign competitors standing. They bored through some of the worst flying weather possible; they defeated high winds, rain, and fog. Nothing seemed capable of stopping them, and in the London newspaper offices their progress was watched with amazement and admiration as it was recorded by the messages which came in from the foreign news agencies and correspondents. But the whole time Miss Spooner held her ground in a machine, if I am not mistaken, much less well-prepared than either Broad's or Butler's. It seemed impossible that she should be able to do better than she was doing, yet in the three groups of tests following the tour itself she did do better.

These tests were for practical qualities, take-off and landing and fuel consumption; 270 marks were given for speed and reliability on the circuit of Europe, 140 for practical qualities, 60 for take-off and landing, and 30 for fuel consumption. Miss Spooner, in a standard Moth without wheel brakes, scored 46 marks for the landing and taking-off, and was only beaten by one

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

competitor, the winner of the contest, Herr Morzik, in his Argus-engined B.F.W. How she did it remains a mystery, for in the matter of dropping aeroplanes on to the ground without landing-run there is a limit beyond which the under-carriage will not go. Yet unless the machine was dropped dead, with little forward speed, it is difficult to see how so high a score could have been obtained. Altogether Miss Spooner is to be congratulated upon affirming her position as the most skillful woman pilot in Britain. Whatever direction the searchlight of publicity happens to be turned in, that fact should not be permitted to remain in darkness.

Kingsford-Smith.

Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith occupies among men pilots rather a similar position to that occupied by Miss Spooner among women pilots. He has accomplished feats which no other pilot has so much as attempted. There was the Pacific Flight, the record flight from Australia, the Atlantic Flight; each one alone enough to make the reputation of anyone not completely out of fortune with the purveyors of publicity. He has done more genuine pioneer flying than anyone else, and he has done it in a manner that calls for the highest praise. Yet most people would place Lindbergh before him, and many who have heard of Cobham and Amy Johnson have never heard of Kingsford-Smith. Yet if an attempt were made to pick out the pilot who, during the last ten years, had done the greatest good to aviation in general regardless of nationality, Kingsford-Smith is the only one who could be fairly chosen. He is the most striking proof of the fact that honours always miss the most deserving. His was the only Atlantic flight about which those who follow aviation were fairly confident. With him it did not seem so risky a proceeding as with his predecessors, and this in itself constitutes a remarkable tribute to the man.

Another pilot whose most recent feat deserved more notice than it got is Captain Barnard. His flight to Malta and back, non-stop in each direction, in a Puss Moth with (one must not forget) the Arens controls, is the kind of flight which forces the Air Ministry to attend to things which they ought to have attended to years ago; it makes it impossible for the potentialities of long-distance air mails to be ignored much longer. Special fast air mail machines capable of flying long distances without refuelling would put an altogether new aspect to air mail services. Captain Barnard's flight was not only a demonstration of what the aeroplane could do but also of what the Air Ministry ought to do.

Gliding Goes Ahead.

T here are now no fewer than thirty-three gliding clubs in Great Britain and thirteen others are being formed. The London Club has been doing a great deal of work and one of its members, Mr. Humby, has gained the distinction of being the first glider pilot in the country who had no previous flying experience in power-driven aircraft. In one week the London Club gained ten "A" certificates and one "B" certificate. Captain Needham has been making exceptionally fine flights in his machine and is fast establishing a unique reputation for himself as an exponent of sailing flight. He has shown that he can soar in winds as slow as 12 m.p.h.

Gliding will without doubt act as a stimulus to power-flying, for it enables people to obtain air experience cheaply and it introduces them to the system of control used in all aircraft and accustoms them to the feel of the machine at various speeds. The feel of a power-aeroplane is different from that of a glider but there remains a sufficient similarity to enable a certain understanding to be obtained.



Marcus Adams
LADY BURNEY AND HER SON, CECIL

Lady Burney is the beautiful wife of Commander Sir Charles Dennistoun Burney, R.N., of "R 100" fame, and who is now on his return voyage across the Atlantic. The "R 100" made an airship record on her outward voyage to Canada, and coming home, in spite of being a rather lame duck is sure to make good time



NU

From the picture in the Paris Salon. By Sieffert

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P.A.756



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND HER SON PATRICK

The elder of the Duke of Westminster's two daughters by his first marriage and the wife of Major W. Filmer-Sankey, who was formerly in the 1st Life Guards and who is so well known in the hunting, steeplechasing, and polo worlds. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey before her marriage was one of the best women to hounds in all Cheshire and also elsewhere. Major Filmer-Sankey played polo for his regiment, won the Grand Military twice on his own horse, Pay Only, and once on his Ruddy Glow, who was fancied at one time for the Grand National; was Master of the Tipperary for one season and is now Joint-Master of the South Notts and hunts hounds himself. His Joint-Master is Mrs. S. Owen Taylor, who came on in 1928

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

"IN PARIS" part of the time anyway, Très Cher, though at the moment I am back on the Island and enjoying what seems to be the first really cloudless blue-skied day of the summer. Glory, but if only it lasts how happy we shall be! The local "Kermesse" happens to-morrow. You know the sort of thing. Sweet-stuff and gingerbread booths, shooting gallery, merry-go-round, sack-racing for the kiddies, the Islanders in their finest *coiffes* and costumes, the visitors distinctly supercilious but finding it all good fun nevertheless. My local "help" will be wearing her grandest frock and head-dress. She hails from the Sables d'Olonne, and wears the short, knee-length kilted black skirt of the Sablaise over innumerable petticoats and an extraordinarily indiscreet garment of what appears to be white calico edged with crochet lace. Her black-stockinged legs terminate in little white, varnished sabots. Her tiny and stiffly-corseted waist is spanned by a "petersham" ribbon that holds a brilliant-hued pleated apron in place. Her bodice is of gay-patterned cotton material of which each sleeve is at least a yard wide, her hair is pomaded into neat bandeaux on which, poised like a butterfly, her *coiffe* flutters in the sea breeze. And such a *coiffe*, my dear; of the finest lace and organdie with delicate wings crisply starched and yet not too stiffly rigid. Imagine how terrible it would be if the rain spoiled such a *chef d'œuvre* of fine needlework and delicate laundering. However, we entertain the most sanguine hopes; the barometer has riz, the clouds are stratus, and the wind in the nor'-nor'-east.

My cuppla-days in Paris were taken in order to be present at Jean Patou's evening party, given—as usual—for the presentation of his autumn "collection." Tantalizing man is "our Jean"! He provides the most wonderful buffet of petit fours, foie gras sandwiches, and bon-bons to be humected with every variety of pleasant drink, and at the same time he shows us the slimmest mannequins in the slinkiest clothes imaginable. Pity one can't have it both ways, but no miracle on earth can combine the pleasures of the table and the pleasures of dress. The gold-and-white salons were crowded. Nobs and nobbesses innumerable. H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Marie, Princesse Illinsky, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Comte André de Robilant, Mme. Georges Périère, Mrs. John Munroe, Commandatore Boscarelli. The shining lights of that vast army of writers who inform British and American suburbia anient "what Paris is wearing." Fashion artists such as the little Comtesse Bouet-Willamez and Mrs. Peggy Morris, both so delightfully young and tall and slim, but 'one so coyly fair and the other so vampishly dark—nice kids both of them. The stage was not greatly *en évidence*; I only saw Mlle. Ventura of the Comédie Française; not even the usual half of the Dolly



FRANCE INVADES AMERICA

Mlles. Jeanne Holding and Suzy Vernon, two beautiful French cinema stars, arrive in New York, bound for Hollywood to make talkies in French

Sisters. Sem was there of course. He always comes to Jean Patou's parties and he is still, despite his talent and his celebrity, the shyest thing on earth. This year he arrived late and was discovered, long after the show had started, in the quietest corner of the room reserved for the sales ladies of the establishment. (When one comes to think of it one is not sure whether this was shyness or wile!) When urged to take the seat reserved for him in the main salon he utterly refused to pass through the various rooms leading to it, where he would have had to run the gauntlet of his fellow-guests' glances. He had to be conveyed round by all sorts of by-ways and passages, and only consented to slip into his rightful seat while "Betty," one of the loveliest of Patou's mannequins, was making her entry just in front of him, thus drawing the interest of the audience away from his own wizen-like person. Such gorgeous clothes, my dear, and Patou's "new" colours are a rich, velvety green, and a curious, subtle Astrakan beige, a sort of fawny-grey that is becoming to blondes or brunettes equally. The "reel jools" supplied by Van Cleef and Arpels were dazzling . . . one felt like hiding one's own modest little pieces of junk from sheer shame of their poverty.

When, I wonder, will Edgar Wallace stage a thrilling jewel-robbery at the Grand Couturier. It is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace, but as a matter of fact, it was quite possible, the other evening, to be thrilled without him! Those millions of francs' worth of jewels slung about the place all careless-like made one feel quite wobbly about the knees.

Now that I am back at the Farm-on-the-Island, and a bathing-costume or a water-proof seems to meet most sartorial problems, I can hardly believe that I have been in Paris at all. True, it was a very quick jaunt. This time I left the car at Nantes and went up by train. The *État* service is particularly efficient and runs several good trains per day down to this part of the world and to the north coast, Dieppe, Deauville, Le Havre, Dinard, etc., etc. . . . It is so rarely that I go anywhere by train that I am always amazed at the comfort of them! If trains had been invented after motor-cars, how few of us would motor!!—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



AT A MANNEQUIN PARADE IN PARIS

Abbé, Paris

In the green room before going on to do their bit before the critical audiences which attend their performances. In spite of the fashion edict from Paris about "no knees" there seems to be a rather movable line about this matter

ON THE BLUE COAST



PRINCE GUI LUBORMIRSKI AND MISS MARGARET SHERIDAN

By the sea at beautiful Juan les Pins, Antibes, where so many people have flocked since the short-lived "heat-wave" in England finished. Miss Margaret Sheridan is a daughter of the famous Clare Sheridan (Mrs. Sheridan), the sculptress and writer, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Moreton Frewen. Clare Sheridan's sculptures include portrait busts of Princess Patricia of Connaught (Lady Patricia Ramsay), Senatore Marconi, the late Lord Oxford, Lenin, Kameneff, Zinovieff, etc., and her prose works are both numerous and very interesting

IRISH ACTIVITIES

At Baldoye and Ball's Bridge



BY THE MEMBERS' STAND AT BALDOYLE RACES



SIR JOHN AND LADY MILBANKE

With Lady Milbanke's sons by her first marriage, Lord Loughborough and the Hon. Peter St. Clair Erskine, at Baldoye's one-day August meeting. Sir John Milbanke, whose Irish place is Mullaboden, also has a house in London. He and his wife are both tremendously popular

LADY MARY GROSVENOR AND
MISS MOLLY MORROUGH RYAN

The Duke of Westminster's younger daughter was among the many people who had come to Ireland with the Dublin Show as their main objective, but fitted in a day's racing at Baldoye before proceeding to Ball's Bridge. Miss Morrough Ryan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morrough Ryan of Dunboyne Castle and well known with the Meath. Sir Merrick Burrell's son and daughter-in-law were well prepared for the vicissitudes of Irish weather which the Dublin Show experienced this year. Mr. Geoffrey Purcell Gilpin, who is frequently successful between the flags in Ireland and owns some good horses, married the second sister of Lord Allendale

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

MR. AND MRS. PETER BURRELL
AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOWMR. GEOFFREY PURCELL GILPIN AND THE
HON. MRS. GILPIN AT BALDOYLE RACES

AFTER THE SHOW

The Phoenix Park Meeting



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET

Who were taking their full share in Horse Show week activities, which included racing at Baldoyle and Phoenix Park. Mrs. Kindersley and Mrs. Plunket are Lord Iveagh's nieces and daughters of the Hon. Ernest Guinness



A SCREEN CELEBRITY: MISS PEARL WHITE GOES RACING

The Phoenix Park meeting opened at 6 p.m. on the last day of the Horse Show and, in spite of heavy rain, was well supported. Miss Freeman-Mitford and her sister are Lord Redesdale's daughters, and Miss Pearl White used to be very well known to film fans



MR. H. ERSKINE, THE HON. NANCY FREEMAN-MITFORD, AND THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS



MISS EVELYN BAIRD AND (right) MISS NANCY BROOKE



LORD AND LADY FINGALL AND MR. WILFRED FITZGERALD



LADY FREYNE, LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H., AND MRS. PAGE-CROFT AT PHOENIX PARK

Being one of the principal owners in Ireland Mrs. Page-Croft rarely misses a meeting, and Phoenix Park races would not have been complete without her. Lady de Freyne is Sir John Arnott's daughter, and Lady Harrington is spending two months in Ireland before returning to Elvaston Castle for the cub-hunting. Mr. Wilfred Fitzgerald, who is seen between Lord and Lady Fingall, used to be one of Ireland's most ardent polo players, and now acts as umpire at most of the A. I. Polo Club matches. Miss Baird is the daughter of Mr. William and Lady Hersey Baird, and Miss Brooke is a niece of Sir Francis Brooke, Bt., who is Joint Master of the Kildare Hounds with Major C. Mitchell, D.S.O.

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

THE PASSING SHOWS : *At the Palladium and Victoria Palace*



JOE AND PETE MICHON

The two brilliant American acrobats, whose family motto is "Why go to Niagara to see the falls?" How the bones of the human anatomy manage to survive such rough-and-tumble treatment is a mystery which Palladium patrons are content to leave unsolved

ALL is quiet on the West-End front. The good ship "Dramatic Critic" lies peacefully becalmed in the doldrums waiting for the autumn monsoon, when new plays are as plentiful as barnacles. However deep the gloom into which this hiatus may plunge first-nighters, assuming that any of these enlightened people are left in London in August, the situation has its compensations. The country cousin who chooses these days of armistice for a visit to headquarters is offered an amusement guide which is short but select. Warm weather and hard times have eliminated those ventures which might have succeeded, but didn't.

A survival of the fittest is the result. Uncle George and Cousin Kate are confronted by fifteen or more firmly established successes which have weathered all those storms, real or imaginary, which beset theatrical managements in the dog-days. They can pay their money and take their choice without a grumble. "What is there," as Mr. George Robey says, "is good."

Passing the palatial establishment of one of our most popular and progressive outfitters in my quest for dramatic fare, I noticed that one of the windows was given up to a superb display of tweed coats, plus fours, tastefully topped stockings, and other seasonable requisites for the sportsman. "Suggestions for the Moors" said the show-card, and near-by it a stuffed gamebird of choice plumage faced the passers-by undisturbed by the proximity of a double-barrelled gun. As a tribute to enterprise and democracy the display was instructive. It set me wondering why "the Glorious Twelfth," like the Boat Race, was still an item of news, and how long it would be before Mr. Lansbury added a grouse moor to his Metropolitan Lido. Looking at that excellent specimen of the taxidermist's art, those sprigs of heather, and above all, that gun, I thought humbly of a pair of grey flannel trousers purchased within those very portals. I passed on alone—alone in London. In August! Then I made for the Palladium and found there three,



MR. CHARLES KING

The star of "The Broadway Melody," singing the theme songs and other old favourites with terrific success at the Palladium

or it may have been thirty thousand people (the place was packed from floor to ceiling, whose motto was not "King's Cross for Scotland" but "Oxford Circus for Variety.")

It was true, then. London, in spite of what the Society gossip writers might say, was not quite empty. There were people around me visibly unconcerned with windward beats at Cowes, drinking cocktails between bathes at the latest discovery in French watering-places, and the cleaning of guns preparatory to a vast expenditure of powder and shot on driven grouse.

Many of these estimable citizens are fond of the theatre (probably the majority can't afford it often), and now is their opportunity. When audiences are cosmopolitan (one's next-door neighbour may affect brown boots with evening dress or speak with equal incomprehensibility in the accents of Bootle or Bangkok) the boiled shirt may receive dispensation. With so many of one's friends absent on holidays cheaper seats than usual imply no serious drop in the social scale. And when the rain falls down in buckets, as it loves to do just as the theatres are emptying, there is more than a slight chance of getting a taxi.

Seventy years ago the music-halls were born. Or rather they grew, fostered by enterprising publicans, from bar-room sing-casies into crowded concerts. The Press which christened and boosted the Talkies might have called them "the Rowdies"; and what a store of "copy" the old *lions comiques*, the songs they sang, the lives they led, the money they squandered, would have provided in the days when audiences scrapped merrily over some political ditty, while pickpockets reaped a harvest from neutrality and a single turn might last for forty-five minutes, according to the endurance and popularity of the "star."

Running through the Palladium programme, the comparison between the 'sixties and the nineteen-thirties is an eloquent testimonial to the "badness" of the "good" old days, and other things as well. Women, for instance, who smoke

and fly and penetrate into all manner of haunts—theatre-bars and boxing-matches—where once their presence would have sent strong men into a pious swoon. Times have changed—for the better. And as we sit in our comfortable stall and forget the past in the excellence of what the present can offer, two visions arise symbolic of these years of pace . . . Broadway and Hollywood.

The star turn at the Palladium is Mr. Charles King. To film fans, which means, I suppose, 80 per cent. of the population, the name is enough. It was Mr. King who sang "You were meant for me" and "The wedding of the painted doll" in *Broadway Melody*, the pioneer talkie which started a perfect craze for sound-films of back-stage life 100 per cent. distorted. A compact, immaculate, smiling American with one of those crooning voices drawing confidentially against the beat. A singer whose every syllable is audible, who can make you listen to a "mammy song" of overwhelming saccharinity by sheer force of personality, who can apply the pep and punch, which "Happy days are here" demands, without undue aggression. There you have the "top of the bill." The singing shadow has become the singing substance. The fame of the singer of song-hits has preceded him. How much the substance owes to the shadow, and its simultaneous reflection in countless cinema-halls, must be left to those well versed in the publicity values of films and theme songs. I can only record that Mr. Charles King received an ecstatic welcome. It was an individual triumph; a triumph for Hollywood, for the man, and the machine.

Broadway, not to be outdone by its flickering junior, is represented by Messrs. Joe and Pete Michon, two astonishing acrobats, whose family motto is, "Why go to Niagara to see the Falls?" Why, indeed? If there is an Anti-Suicide League someone ought to step round from its registered offices and implore Mr. Joe (or is it Pete?) to give his anatomy a chance. Possibly a deputation from the Musicians' Union has already pointed out the danger to its members if acrobats, dressed as sailors, are dropped into the orchestra like sacks of coals. The victim's survival is superb testimony to the durability of the human chassis. Oh, death, where is thy sting?

One more gesture to America and my support of home industries shall begin. Mr. Paul Whiteman once brought his band to the Hippodrome and played jazz. Mr. Jack Hylton came along with his little lot and is still about the biggest "draw" in vaudeville. Mr. Hylton, as I write, is filling the Victoria Palace by the lure of his personality, the blare of his home-blown saxophones, and those elaborate "effects" which began modestly with the honoured tradition that the party spirit is merely a matter of false noses and comic hats.

At the Palladium Mr. Debroy Somers and his "boys" carry on the good work amidst fervent signs of goodwill. At the right moment three blowers of brass lurch forward, assisted by opera hats, green limelight, and strange devices for muted cacophony applied to their instruments, in a realistic imitation of physical and orchestral intoxication. No sooner have the trio resumed their seats and removed their disguises than it is the turn of the saxophonist to sing. "Have a little faith in me," he croons with the approved wistfulness of a baritone who whispers not in vain. It is a good band and not too



LEON KIMBERLEY AND HELEN PAGE

Two modern exponents of the gentle art of persiflage whose quick-fire methods and flow of repartee are much to the liking of a Victoria Palace audience



JACK HYLTON AND HIS BOYS

"Jack's the boy for work, Jack's the boy for play . . ." the old chorus has the King of Jazz taped off to a semi-quaver. The master and his

merry men, sketched by Tom Titt at the Victoria Palace, are still variety's best-sellers

noisy. I must leave it at that, inviting the experts in dance music and orchestration to supply the appropriate superlatives.

The Palladium is the Mecca of new turns, and the home market being obviously limited, it is not surprising that the majority of them come from America. The American theatre is enjoying a condition of undoubted vitality; there are unlimited dollars to tempt the breaking of new ground. Every imported novelty keeps alive the spirit of Variety which the Palladium policy of speed and novelty has restored to health. But one star doesn't make a firmament. There are our own all-British stand-bys with whom familiarity breeds content. Mr. Will Hay, Mr. Jack Barty, and Miss Anne Penn keep the flag of the "old firm" flying at the Palladium. Their gifts are as diverse as their humour is essentially British. To them and their like—Billie Bennett, Nellie Wallace, Nervo and Knox, George Robey, and a dozen more—the man in the street owes a debt of gratitude. They make him laugh, and his women-folk too. Television has come to the Coliseum; microphone voices pierce the ether; reel after reel of celluloid projects its heart-throbs on a white screen while canned music bleats in electrified synchronization. How soon will the scientist dictate our entertainments from his switchboard? Faced by so appalling a vision, I call upon Miss Laurie Devine for one more sinuous example of the higher forms of cart-wheel. Perish such thoughts in one all-contemptuous blast from Mr. Debroy Somers' unmuted saxophones!

"TRINCULO."

OVERSEAS AND AT HOME



A CONSTELLATION OF EXCELLENCIES IN SIMLA

F. Bremner. Simla

A quite unusual mobilization of those who rule India, but one which was entirely warranted by the uncomfortable existing circumstances. The end of the lane has not been reached yet, but there is always a turning in the longest lane. The names in this group at Viceregal Lodge, Simla, are, left to right: H.E. Sir Montague Butler, Governor of the Central Provinces; H.E. Sir Charles Innes, Governor of Burma; H.E. Sir George Stanley, Governor of Madras; H.E. Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, Governor of the Punjab; H.E. the Viceroy, Lord Irwin; H.E. Sir Frederick Sykes, Governor of Bombay; H.E. Sir Hugh Stephenson, Governor (officiating) of Bengal; H.E. Sir Malcolm Hailey, Governor of the United Provinces; H.E. Mr. Sifton, officiating Governor of Behar and Orissa; H.E. Sir Laurie Hammond, Governor of Assam



OFF TO CANNES: THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA



MR. NICHOLAS KASTERME, THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI OF RUSSIA, AND GENERAL POLOPTZOFF



CHANGING THE GUARD: LIEUT. FORBES AND LIEUT. CHAMBERLAIN

The Ranee of Pudukota, who is a very familiar figure on the Riviera, has just opened her beautiful villa, "La Favourite," at Cannes. The Ranee is a great speed-boat enthusiast, and owns one that she pilots herself. Mr. Kasterme, who is in the centre group which was taken at Monte, is the owner of "Zut," the fastest speed-boat on the whole Côte D'Azur, and General Poloptzoff, who is also in the group with the Grand Duke Dmitri, is the President of the International Sporting Club. Lieut. Chamberlain, Sir Austen's son, and Lieut. Forbes are in the Coldstream, who have been relieved for guard duty in London by the Green Howards



FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

By Webster Murray



THE THRUSTERS OF THE ROUT

By C. F. B.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the office.



ROUTE DU ROI (ROTTEN ROW)

F. Bauer

the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES



ROMANCE
AND
ABDULLA

ABDULLA

LOVEBIRDS

The tiny birds you gave me press together,
 "Sweet Love! Dear Love!" repeating each to each;
 While tender heartbeats throb through every feather,
 I listen spellbound to their silver speech.

"Poor little girl," chirps one, "She looks so lonely!
 Will no one come to claim her as a Bride?"
 "Sweet!" flutes the other, "*Someone* loves her only,
 And sends the prized Abdullas by her side."

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

BUSY HOLLYWOOD

CLARA BOW IN HER LATEST FILM,
"TRUE TO THE NAVY"

BESSIE LOVE—MAKING 'EM UP

Whatever the rest of the world may be doing at the moment in the way of holidays, Hollywood never gets a let-up, even though there are distressing reports of long queues of people waiting for employment. The big stars, however, are rarely off duty, and none of those in this page are out-of-work. Clara Bow, whose red hair gets no real chance in a photograph, is the film's pocket Venus, and her next is to be a film called "True to the Navy." Bessie Love, who is a blonde from Texas, is being made up as to her very shapely understandings for her present film, "Good News." Incidentally, she is the film's greatest Charleston performer. Mary Brian made her first big hit as Wendy in a "Peter Pan" film in 1925, and she has since been in "Beau Geste," "Shanghai Bound," and countless other American-made pictures. The polo game, which is rather in the fore-front of things in America at the moment owing to the International at Meadowbrook, comes into this new film, "High Society," in which Mary Brian's male supporters are Jack Oakie and Skeet Gallagher.



MARY BRIAN, JACK OAKIE, AND SKEET GALLAGHER IN "HIGH SOCIETY."



A. P. Thompson

AFTER VIEWING THE DUNBAR LIFEBOAT: LORD AND LADY HADDINGTON AND DR. McDONALD



A. P. Thompson

TAKING AIM: LADY HELEN O'BRIEN AT DUNBAR



LADY RACHEL HOWARD WITH COLONEL PHILIP LANGDALE AND COLONEL STRACEY-CLITHEROW

Dunbar has lately been busy not only with its lifeboat centenary celebrations, for which Lord and Lady Haddington came over from Tynninghame, but also with a large garden fête at Belton House in aid of the Dunbar Cottage Hospital. The fête was opened by Lady Helen O'Brien, Lord Haddington's only sister, who patronized most of the side shows and let fly at Aunt Sally with great determination



WATCHING CRICKET: MR. AND MRS. JOHN DEAN

The concluding day of the Canterbury Cricket Week ended rather tamely, the match between Kent and Notts being left drawn, though at one point a good finish seemed a possibility. Mr. John Dean used to play cricket for Kent, and he must have appreciated A. P. F. Chapman's innings of 33 in ten minutes. Lord Carson, the famous Orangeman, who retired from the political arena when he became a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, lives at Cleve Court in Thanet. Sir Robert Wilmot, being a Berkshire landowner and keen agriculturalist, naturally supported the East Berkshire show, which was staged at Maidenhead. His place, Binfield Grove, is near Bracknell

The reason for the concentrated interest registered by the constituents of this group was the Holderness Puppy Show held at Rise Park, the home of Captain Adrian Bethell, M.F.H. Lady Rachel Howard is the Duke of Norfolk's eldest sister, and Colonel Stracey-Clitherow lives at Hotham Hall, where he has more than once entertained the Prince of Wales. Colonel Langdale of Houghton is Lady Manton's father



LORD AND LADY CARSON AT THE CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK



AT THE EAST BERKSHIRE SHOW: SIR R. WILMOT AND MRS. FAUDEL-PHILLIPS



MR. NOEL COWARD

Mr. Noel Coward, whose copious plays and revues are quite impervious to things called theatre slumps, is very shortly producing his latest, which he has called "Private Lives." He will act in it himself, and will be supported by Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Miss Adrienne Allen, and Mr. Laurence Olivier. Mr. Noel Coward rarely manages to go wrong, and following on "This Year of Grace," a booming success at the London Pavilion, came "Bitter-Sweet" at His Majesty's in July, 1929, and it is still some way off wearing out its welcome, and there have been countless others—"The Vortex," "Easy Virtue," "Hay Fever," "On With the Dance," "Sirocco," etc., and almost all of them have proved money-spinners.

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



POLO NOTES

By
"SERREFILE."

JUST before the Americans started their official trial matches for their International team, America's confidence in another easy win received what its Press calls "a stunning blow" by the summer revision of the handicaps of her leading lights. This revised list is, I understand, quite unusual, and has caused a bit of a flutter, particularly by reason of the fact that Mr. Winston Guest, whose handicap was 9—only one less than Mr. Tommy Hitchcock's—being reduced to 8, the reason given being his recent erratic play; and some of the commentators go so far as to suggest that he will be "put off the team" if he does not watch it. This I can hardly believe. The American selectors do not drop someone they know is a bit "extra" on well sifted public form as readily as all this, and I cannot see them doing it in this case, especially as Mr. Guest went very well at back in their first official trial on July 21. I was told some time ago that Mr. Hitchcock wanted him in the front end, No. 2, and I think it is more than probable that this is where we may find him, especially as young Mr. E. A. S. Hopping now seems to be a certainty for back. Mr. E. A. S. Hopping has not had his handicap of 8 altered. Mr. Eric Pedley is now said to be a fixed point for No. 1. He is an 8-goal man, as also is Mr. Elmer J. Boeseke, a fellow Californian, and who was named as the original No. 1. If this is right, then we have three fixed points, Mr. Eric Pedley, 8 goals (1); Mr. Tommy Hitchcock, 10 goals (3); and Mr. E. A. S. Hopping, 8 goals (back); and the only thing they appear to be looking for is a No. 2. The choice seems to lie between Mr. Boeseke and Mr. Guest, with a shade of odds on the former—if the American critics are right in their diagnoses. Whatever is America's International team it will have an aggregate goal value of 34, and our team may be about 3 goals shy of this in a mathematical value. About this we cannot be sure at the moment. Anyway, figures do not always prove everything in polo.

The latest records of the progress of America's trial matches are long newspaper cuttings of what has been happening in their second and third efforts. Only short cabled accounts had been received previously. Their first match was on July 21, their second on July 23, their third on July 27, and their fourth on July 31. The Whites or International side won the first 13 to 9, the second 13 to 7, the third 21 to 11, and the fourth 16 to 11. In the second one young E. A. S. Hopping got a bad fall, and he had not recovered sufficiently to play in the third. When we get a few more detailed accounts I will concoct a little synopsis. At the moment these facts stand out: (1) that Eric Pedley has played himself in at No. 1 by some marvellous displays; (2) that the American critics think Tommy Hitchcock ought to be rated at 12 instead of 10 goals; and (3) that Winston Guest, after a temporary fall from grace, has come back to form with a rush, and it looks as if he will now be played back. The team which seems to be taking shape is now this one: (1) Mr. Eric Pedley; (2) Mr. E. A. S. Hopping; (3) Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.; and (back) Mr. Winston Guest.

One of my kind American friends in Long Island has sent me a copy of a paper called "Inter-Collegiate Polo," which is devoted principally to chronicling all about America's Young (Polo) Brigade, and some of the comments in it are a bit

illuminating. For instance, it is recorded that at the American schools and universities base-ball is rather on the decline in popularity, and that rowing and football are only for the very brawny, but that polo is 100 per cent. popular.—Mr. F. S. O'Reilly, writing on this subject, says:

There is little doubt that horse activities of all kinds are definitely on the increase in this country. An increase of over 100 per cent. in the member clubs of the United States Polo Association in the past ten years bears eloquent testimony on this point, but in the writer's opinion, the real movement has not even started.

Consider what has happened in college polo in the past five years. Princeton, Yale, Pennsylvania Military College, and the United States Military Academy, just to mention members of the Association, have all acquired fields and other facilities for the game averaging an expenditure in each case exceeding 50,000 dollars. Nothing could be more convincing of the hold which the sport has taken as a regular part of the athletics of college life. No small part of the success of the games in these institutions is attributed to the able coaching of officers of the United States Army assigned to these institutions as instructors in the Field Artillery and Cavalry branches of Reserve officers training.

And this is why we ought not to wonder at America's tremendous polo reserve, and why in the selection of her present International team she is suffering from such an embarrassment of riches. In the Old Aiken team, to whose exploits so many references have been made in these notes, she has an International team in embryo, or perhaps it is not quite right to say in embryo after the way it went in the American Open Championship after collaring the Junior and many other things. The names in that team, for future reference, are: Mr. J. C. Rathborne, Mr. S. B. Iglehart, Mr. J. P. Mills, and Mr. E. T. Gerry. It has won eleven cups, and Mr. Rathborne and Mr. Iglehart are "on" the American International "squad," and not one of them is much more than twenty, and some under twenty.

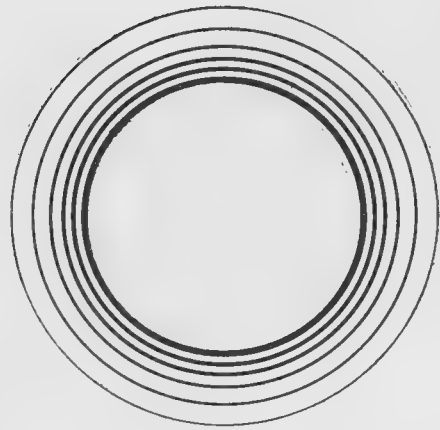


THE ALL-IRELAND POLO TEAM

Poole, Dublin

Which won the Goldsmith's Cup played on the Phoenix Park ground after racing during Show week. The names, left to right, are: Mr. J. P. A. Larminie, Mr. W. Magee, Major T. W. Kirkwood, and Mr. J. W. Shackleton. The Phoenix Park ground is about the only one where the public get in free, and on this occasion there were 15,000 present. Major Kirkwood, the ex-International for England, is the secretary of the All-Ireland Polo Club, and Mr. Shackleton is well known with the Meath and Kildare

Mr. Leslie Orbell, who is a Master of Harriers in New Zealand, and also a keen polo player, writes to me *à propos* the recent successes of the Goulburn (Australia) team in England: "I am glad to see the Ashton brothers have done quite well at polo in England. It bears out my opinion that the best polo in New Zealand and Australia is not far behind English form. We (Mr. Orbell's team) just failed to win the South Island Champion Cup. We were beaten by two goals in the final. We met the same team later in the Handicap Cup, and receiving two goals each side got one goal in a great game. I hope the English team will strike their best form against America and bring back the cup to England. I am afraid that so long as America buys our best ponies they will always beat us. New Zealand is football mad at present and can talk nothing else. Have just heard England won the first test in a great game in the mud. I think New Zealand will probably win the rubber. One of our hurdlers, a mare named Carinthia, looks like turning out a champion as she has won two good races lately and looks like winning more." At the moment this goes to Press Goulburn have just been beaten in Long Island by that Old Aiken team of boys, which not only won the Junior Championship in America last season but went extremely well in the Open Championship. A reference is made in the preceding note. The Australian team will take back a lot of invaluable experience with it when it returns home.



GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

IN SUMMER

Guinness is not only refreshing but supremely sustaining. Guinness improves summer appetite and checks summer fatigue. The sales of Guinness are even larger in summer than in winter.



THE VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN, HOUSE-PARTY

Boyle, Dublin

Some of the guests of the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill for Dublin Horse Show Week. The names, left to right, are: Sir John Lavery, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald (Minister for Defence in the Irish Free State), Countess McCormack and Count McCormack, and Mrs. G. F. Keatinge. Count and Countess McCormack also entertained a large party at their house in County Kildare for the opening night of "Song O' My Heart" film at the Metropole Theatre, Dublin. "Song O' My Heart" is Count McCormack's first talking and singing film

IN some articles on "Horse and Hound" dealing with "Fox-hunting in Literature" some of us were rather intrigued to read the following sentences:

The field hunt to ride apart from those increasingly eccentric persons who hunt to enjoy hound work. . . . It is very doubtful if any normal member of the field gives a thought to anything except having a fling at the next fence. There is no reason why he should. It is a thousand to one the fox is half-a-mile ahead of him, and that if it is overhauled he will be more like a mile behind.

As this, we are told, was written by an ex-M.F.H.! I am almost inclined to say either "Don't pull our legs!" or "You heretic!" Of course a great deal of it is true, but when some of us are trying hard to inculcate a desire even on the part of those who hunt only to ride, to take an intelligent interest in how it is made possible for them to go the pace they want to and gallop at (and if possible over) every fence they can see, words like these are bit apt to be a set-back to this endeavour. All of us "hunt to ride," but unless we are fonder of aniseed hounds than fox-hounds the "ride" part is subservient to being close enough up to see what is happening in the fighting line. Where's the fun of looking only at the obstacles? Jump 'em, by all means, every time when necessary, but for heaven's sake don't put the brake on the whole entertainment by trying to catch the fox yourself. That is how so many a real good hunt is wrecked and the gentry who "hunt to ride" defeat their own object. I expect anyone who went on jumping fences after hounds had thrown up would be likely to hear something about it from the M.F.H.!

* * *

In this same series I notice also that the author says that Jorrocks was a "retired" grocer when he took on the Handley Cross Hounds. Most emphatically he was not! *Vide* Chapter XLI, "The Cut 'Em Down Captain's Quads," for one bit of evidence. When the M.F.H. told Mrs. Jorrocks he was only going to meet his traveller, Bugginson, and filled one of his pockets with sovereigns and the other with "fi'-pun" notes, it may have been only what he called a "rouse," but he was not a "retired" grocer, but still very much in the business. Didn't he try to sell some tea to Mr. Castors, mine host of the Imperial Hotel, at which the Cut 'Em Down Captains had long outstayed their welcome? "You better look at the tea," he said, "Tea 'ill be h'up you'll see, and you'd better buy afore it rises. This is a first-class article, Lapsang Souchong."

For shame, and war'riot, Mr. Author!

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The same author, who is a fervent admirer of "Nimrod," whom Surtees so aptly nick-named "Pomponius Ego," says that the modern writer on hunting and how it is done, differs very materially from that gentleman, and goes more for hard facts and not so much for personalities. Without admitting that this is strictly true I think there is certainly a difference. "Pomponius Ego" was a monumental snob who was over-fond of ramming down people's throats the names of as many people in "Debrett" as he could drag in, and he also lets us know how intimate he was with his bosom pal, "the Apulian classic." He also had an unfortunate habit of adopting a patronizing attitude towards M.F.H.'s. "Trojan" Corbet of Warwickshire was about the only master he did not try to patronize. He tried it on with the Duke of Beaufort of his time and got the worst of it, as he deserved. It may be that some people to-day are as fond of publicity as they were in "Pomponius Ego's" time, for we do see snapshots of "Lady Cavesson at the hunt feeding her favourite hunter on a macaroon," and things like that; but I do not think that we find the people who are the real backbone of fox-hunting to-day care two hoots of a klaxon about that sort of thing and would be bored stark by repeated quotations from the Apulian or any other classic. Furthermore, they would not be peculiarly interested in being told how much better than anyone else who was out "Pomponius Ego" went. He knew very little, if anything, about hounds, and I gather cared rather less. Upon one quite priceless occasion he spoke of some hound whelps as "cubs."

* * *

To-day quite a number of people take a good deal of interest in hound-breeding and in the art and science of ventry, and I happen to know that amongst the masters of to-day are a great number who make a serious study of hound history, which after all must be the foundation-stone to knowledge in breeding a pack of hounds. A hound-man, as the saying is, is not necessarily a person who is not fond of tackling to to

ride when
hounds
really go;
in fact, he
is the very
kind of
customer
who wants
to be as
close to
them as
possible,
especially if
he has hap-
pened to
have bred
them. There
is, of course,
as there
always has
been, the
coffee-hous-
ing brigade
who are out
for one
thing and
one thing
only—a
quick ride,
their lunch,
their second
horses, and
their motors
home, and
who think
that the
beastly
hounds
rather get in
the way, but
they are not
really fox-
hunters.



Chas. E. Brown

ADMIRAL SIR ERNLE CHATFIELD AND
ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL HODGES

Two naval Commanders-in-Chief hit by one "shot" (from a camera) in H.M.S. "Nelson," in which Admiral Sir Michael Hodges flies his flag as C.-in-C. the Atlantic Fleet, which Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield formerly commanded. Sir Ernle is now C.-in-C., Devonport

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MISS GORDON CONWAY AND A FRIEND *Janet Jevons*

The well-known artist and regular contributor to this paper, who has designed some of the sets and many of the dresses for "Charlot's Masquerade," which opens at the Cambridge Theatre in September next

HERE are two Irish stories: "The late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Professor Mahaffy, who will be remembered as a great authority on the literature and life of Ancient Greece, was one night discussing at the Fellows' table the prospects of a Law Officership under the then Conservative Government, with Dr. Webb, who was looked upon as a probable candidate for it.

"Dr. Webb haughtily remarked, 'They all know that I am not for sale.'

"'Well,' said Mahaffy, 'you have been a long time in the shop-window, anyhow.'"

"Tim' Healy, late His Excellency, has said of County Court Judge 'Dick' Adams, that he was one of the greatest wits Ireland ever produced.

"A distinguished High Court Judge, not remarkable as a church-goer, was the subject of much caustic wit. 'Dick' Adams, when practising as a K.C., was asked in the library of a friend, 'What is Judge ———'s religion?

"The ready reply was, 'He was baptized and vaccinated the one morning, and neither of 'em took!'"

The visitor to the village was in the village shop and observed that the man behind the counter treated a young man with great respect.

"Who is that man?" asked the visitor, thinking he must be a famous personality.

"He's one of the early settlers," replied the man.

"Early settlers?" asked the visitor, "but he can't be above thirty."

"That may be," was the reply, "but he pays all his bills promptly on the 1st of every month."

A disgraceful rumour had been going round and at last its source was traced to the daily help.

"What do you mean by saying a wicked thing like that?" asked the infuriated mistress.

"I was only repeatin', mum, what I 'eard from your own lips," asserted the woman.

Bubble and Squeak

"But I have certainly never said that my husband was in jail!"

"Not in so many words," conceded the char, "but I drew my own conclusions. You said you was going to give a coming-out party in the autumn."

"My boy," said the self-made man to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business."

"What are they?" asked the son, eagerly.

"Honesty and sagacity, my son."

"What is honesty?"

"Always—no matter what happens, nor how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it."

"And sagacity?"

"Never give it."

Two caddies, having finished the day's work, were communing upon their experiences. "Wot sort of a bloke did you get for your second round?" asked one. "Well," replied the other, "when he was on the fairway he was a perfect gent, but when he was in a bunker 'e was worse'n a War book!"

A man who had purchased a second-hand car from a dealer was far from satisfied with the results. The car "jibbed" at every incline, and had stuck on one occasion, leaving him stranded on a country road in a rain-storm, miles from anywhere. When eventually he got home he went round to the dealer and heatedly told him what he thought of it. The dealer was surprised.

"That car," said he, "was the last word in cars!"

"It may be!" replied the other, "but it's a word that ought never to be repeated."



THE HON. ELIZABETH LLOYD-MOSTYN *Hay Wrightson*

Lord and Lady Mostyn's little daughter, who was only born last year. Their two other children are the Hon. Roger and the Hon. John Lloyd-Mostyn, who were born in 1920 and 1922 respectively. Lord Mostyn succeeded to the title on the death of his father last year. Lady Mostyn, who was married in 1918, was Miss Constance Reynolds

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THE POOL OF WATER

By Clare
Sheridan



"Hussein looked anxiously up and down the road. He cursed horribly at the accident, and vowed it was the last time his wife should ever go out"

I HAD watched her grow up. A girl grows up in five years, and it is five years since the caprice took me to settle in the Sahara.

At ten Jasmina was still free to play with the other little boys and girls outside her parents' house. She attracted my attention because she had the face of a Phœnician coin. Her eyes were set wide apart and deep. Her nose, in a straight line with her forehead, was wide at the bridge like a classical sculpture. Her face was exquisitely oval and her rather sensual mouth was perfectly shaped and had a suggestion of cruelty. She seemed to me a little pagan goddess. I asked about her and ascertained that she was the daughter of the school-master. The Arabs, however, did not admire her.

"You find her pretty?" they repeated in surprise, and then shook their heads. "No, we do not find her pretty."

Arab taste is crude. It prefers a coarser type. Feature and figure mean nothing to them. They look only for whiteness of skin and for big eyes.

Jasmina's olive-coloured complexion pleased me. It accentuated the impression that she was carved out of Pentelic marble that ages of sunlight have infused with a golden glow. In her long, bright-coloured dress and fringed turban she was a delight to the eye. To my eyes at all events.

At eleven years old she was shut up, never again to play in the street. The little boys would become faint memories. One of them, perhaps, remembering their games in childhood and their friendship, might some day ask for her as wife. That, however, was a hazard.

Like all little girls of her age, Jasmina was rather pleased at being kept at home. It gave her a feeling of having grown up. She took her place among the women of the house; her mother, her elder sister, the sister of her father, and the young wife of her aged grandfather; listened to their gossip and absorbed all there was to know about men, marriage, and child-birth. She stewed the pot, carried her aunt's baby on her back, kicked the cat, threw stones at the watch-dog, stole lumps of sugar from her mother's store, and, in fact, grew up in the traditional way. Whenever there was a wedding feast she attended, and made it her pride to remain awake until the end. She could dance the national *danse du ventre*, with all its obscene gyrations, to the delight of the wedding guests, with careful and conscious shyness, as though she was quite innocent and did not know what it represented. The old women whispered among themselves; her reputation was carried farther even than her native village. Mothers of young sons took note of the girl who soon would be available as a wife. They learnt that she was capable, knew how to cook, take care of a baby, and had an even temper. If she was not the type of beauty generally admired, at least she had that rare quality in an Arab girl, vivacity. Her eyes flashed when she danced.

I, too, attended the village weddings and observed Jasmina. I thought the flash in her eyes was devilish. It was a pleasant contrast to the apathetic submission that characterized the others.

It was quite evident to the Arab women, as it was to me, that Jasmina was not an ordinary girl.

She was just about to reach her fifteenth year when her parents, humble people devoid of means, affianced her to a rich merchant, Hussein, who owned a date store in the town of Biskra, two kilometres away. I knew him well. Daily he passed my gate riding into town on a small grey mare. He shared with his three married brothers the patriarchal house left to them by their father. It was the largest in the village and had the highest wall.

Hussein had been twice married and had no children. He was old enough to be Jasmina's father. He never smiled, had always a melancholy expression, and a drooping mouth. His face was cadaverous and pale, a black beard added to the grimness of his general appearance.

I hoped Jasmina was not dreaming of a young and handsome lover. What had her parents described? Was she resigned because she was rich? She certainly seemed happy. She revelled in the quality of the trousseau that, according to custom, the bridegroom sent to the bride. No girl in the village had so many brocade dresses, so many gold jewels.

Fatma, the negress, acted as messenger. On the wedding night it would be Fatma's privilege to carry the bride, opaquely veiled, upon her back and deposit her upon the bridal bed. It was thus that Fatma eked out a living. Her physical strength enabled her to perform the office. She was hideous, but had the sense to keep her mouth covered, even when she spoke. Her half-blind eyes were hidden beneath their heavy chocolate lids. To enable her to see she was obliged to throw her head back and peer through the narrow aperture. Fatma, looking at me significantly, said:

"Hussein is old—and ugly. I have assisted at his other marriages. The brides were always disappointed."

"Don't tell her," I advised.

"No, no, I won't tell her." She giggled.

It was always rather a joke among those who knew, when a girl was about to be sacrificed to an old man, or a man about to be given to an ugly girl! The parties concerned were so blissfully ignorant.

It soon became known that Hussein was extremely pleased with his wife and that he was even more jealous than he had been over the one he had divorced and the one who had died. He was, in fact, insanely in love. Whenever he went to town to attend to his business he locked Jasmina in her room. She was not even permitted the company of his brother's wives. For Hussein she was a precious possession that must be guarded like gold. He insisted that she should dress up and wear all her jewels for his sole benefit. The wives of his brothers laughed about it and told the other women they met at weddings. The word soon went round; from house to house it became known, and the women told their men, and the men smiled when they saw Hussein arrive at the café with a huge key in his hand!

One evening I was invited to the big house; all the women were my friends, and they had suggested dressing me in Arab clothes and taking me along with them to a friend's wedding. Jasmina was not allowed to go. Her lovely face was distraught with rage and disappointment. All the others were going to amuse themselves and she was being left behind. She heaped invective upon her absent husband, called him a *halouf* (pig), cursed all men in general, and rolled on her bed screaming hysterically.

I was sorry for her. There is so little incident in an Arab woman's life. A wedding or a circumcision are their only opportunities for distraction. It seemed unkind indeed to deny Jasmina the pleasure of a party where women meet women only, and therefore there could be no cause for jealousy. But Hussein did not wish his wife to be commented upon by the other women. He knew that husbands would be told afterwards that "Jasmina had on such and such. . . . She is very beautiful now in her rich dresses and jewels. . . ."

Nobody should know anything about Jasmina; she should be no more seen, no more talked about. As far as the world was concerned Hussein intended that she should be dead.

Once or twice a year, however, he was obliged to allow her to visit her mother. On these occasions she was opaquely veiled and he accompanied her to her parents' door. Even these rare visits he deplored, and looked forward to a day when it would please Allah to remove his mother-in-law. Jasmina would then never more go out.

Fatma alone was admitted. She was a necessary institution in the life of the Arab women. Besides carrying brides on wedding nights, she was a carrier of messages and a shopping agent. She bought intelligently whatever the women required that their men could not buy for them. It was to Fatma that Jasmina poured out her heart as a child to an old nurse. Many a time Fatma wiped Jasmina's tears, and out of sympathy her own as well.

One day, after Hussein had been more than ordinarily mean and selfish, she made a bold suggestion. It was seldom that Fatma connived at helping a woman to deceive her husband, for her integrity was her bread and butter. If the men once lost confidence in her the doors would be closed to her. Fatma was, therefore, a very prudent woman. Jasmina, however, was an exceptional case, and moreover, would remunerate her gratefully, she knew, to the end of her days.

"You shall have the most beautiful young lover that heart of woman can desire!"

Jasmina looked wistful. "How can that happen? I am always locked up—even now you are imprisoned here with me until he returns!"

Fatma nodded her shrewd old head; her mummified hand with

its henna'd finger-nails tapped Jasmina's white arm: "Is it not time you visited your mother? She is a little ill."

"If she is ill I will ask if I may go and see her at once, but you know he accompanies me . . . there is not a chance. . . ."

"Let me know the day and the hour you start."

"Yes . . .?"

"And start punctually, for at this time of the year water dries up quickly."

"Water? What do you mean, Fatma? Explain!"

The negress grinned. She pulled the thin material out of her mouth that was discoloured by saliva: "There will be a pool of water outside my door. Slip in it and fall—leave the rest to me."

Accordingly Jasmina, veiled from head to foot like a story-book ghost, peeping furtively with one eye through a crack in a fold, and accompanied by her morose, fiercely-watchful husband, sallied forth on a day to call upon her mother. He obliged her to walk fast, and she hurried along by his side, stumbling because of the unevenness of the road and because, with one eye, it was hard to see the ruts. Her shoes, too, were a little big and hampered her, and she was unused to walking.

Fatma, who had been watching from the roof, hurried down; she could hear her approaching by the jingling of her anklets.

(Continued on p. iv)



AT PENRHOS CASTLE, HOLYHEAD

At the garden fête organized by Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley in aid of the Stanley Hospital, Holyhead, and held in the grounds of Penrhos Castle. In this group are: Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Hon. Oliver Stanley, and Lady Kathleen Stanley, his wife, and their youngest son, Tommy

Truman Howell

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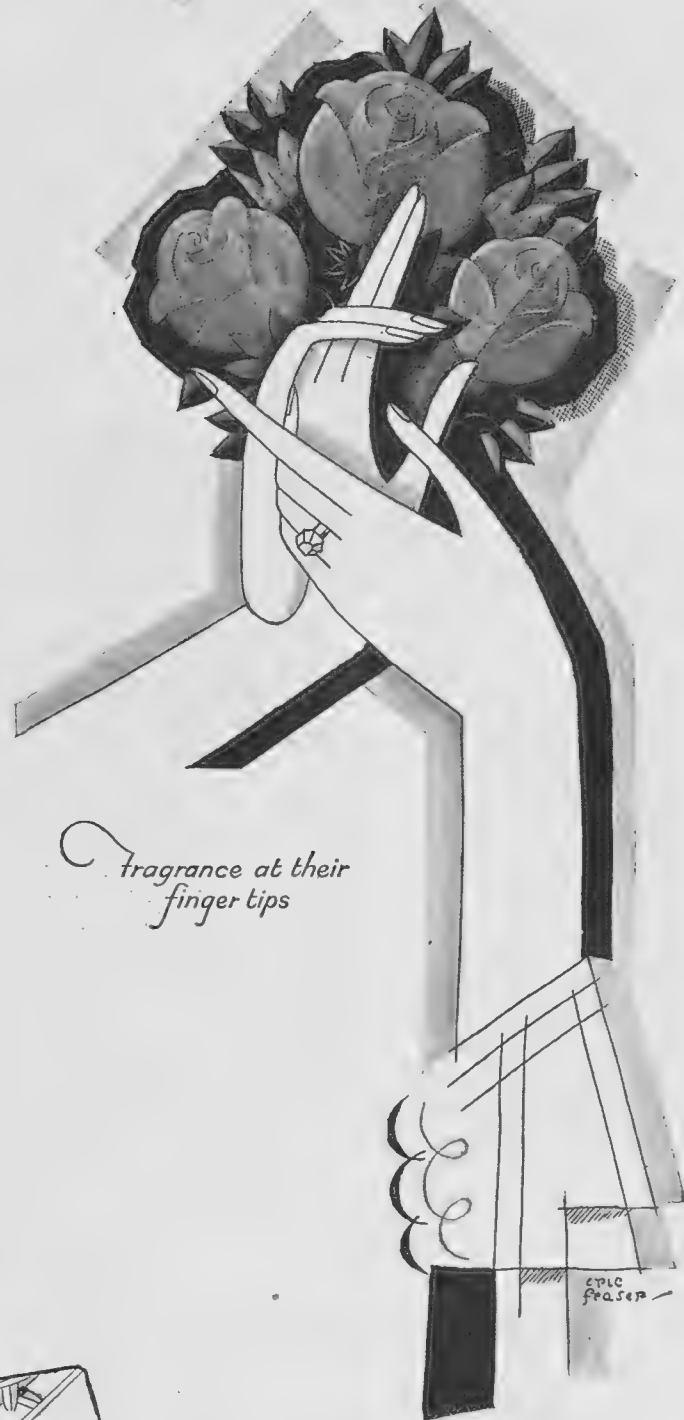
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C.F.H. 69.

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

The Lights.

IT is not often nowadays that I do much night motoring, for which I am distinctly inclined to be thankful, for roads in the dark are not what they used to be. When winter comes it will be different, and I am not looking forward

to that season, at all events if it reproduces very frequently the conditions I met the other evening. I was driving a quite jolly little light car down one of the great turn-pikes. It had side-lamps which just about comply with the law, and it had head-lamps of the most feeble type. These latter were controlled by one of those suction affairs that rarely work properly. In this case they did work when you pulled the button, that is to say, the beams were directed to the left-hand gutter, with little or no light ahead—but only momentarily. They stopped in that attitude for a second or two, and then they returned to their normal position. The poor, miserable bulbs only yielded about ten candle-power apiece—certainly only enough to enable me to do about thirty along a deserted country road, with high hedges on each side (and you know how they help you). And yet because they were “on” as I slowly passed down the Great West Road, I must be treated to a display of the “flickers.”

Touring cars and motor-coaches indignantly flashed their millions of candle-power at me, so that several times I had, blinded, to trample on the brakes. That was simply because a brilliant light suddenly appeared out of outer darkness. The cars with strong head-lamps, that were kept “on” (as all head-lamps should be outside the areas of street-lighting) never worried me a bit, for long experience has taught me where to glue my eyes. It was all very uncomfortable and irritating, but an important point was this, that had I not had my head-lamps going full-out—which is not saying much—I should have certainly collected three cyclists, each entirely innocent of reflex lenses on his back mud-guard, that served to harden my resolution never to duck nor dip nor swivel nor switch my head-lamps for anyone at all. Personally I have never found the smallest advantage in doing so, though I do not deny that a great many people do set a great store by this practice. It seems to me that there is at least one way out of the difficulty, and the only unfortunate thing is that it cannot be carried out with those silly little stream-line (save the mark!) lamps that are commonly mounted on wings. Namely, put good hefty bulbs in your side-lamps and drive

on them until you are well out into the open country. Will they dazzle oncoming drivers? Of course they will. They will “dazzle the roosters” worse than head-lamps. But that doesn't matter. So long as they are side-lamps no one will find cause for complaint. Far be it from me to suggest that I have made

a discovery. By no means, for some of the worst head-lamp flashers that I met the other eve had side-lamps which for power and penetration completely whacked my little outfit with the switch at “all on.” Another solution of the problem might perhaps be found by making illegal all motor-car bulbs above a certain candle-power—same as all whisky, “whilst of the same quality as heretofore, etc.,” is nevertheless thirty under proof. Meantime, for real driving comfort at night give me a couple of really good side-lamps—which the future law will require neither to swivel nor dip—and I shall be reasonably happy.

Genuine Grit.

For characteristic British pluck and endurance in the face of terrible odds we all

have the highest admiration. But there are occasions when it seems to be almost unnecessary. I received the other day details of a quite new car which is being put upon the market by a newcomer to the four-wheeled motor industry. I read through the brochure with great interest, for I felt certain that, what with the trade in cars and furs and pearls being depressed (these commodities always get the draught when the prosperity barometer starts to flop), it would afford some indication of pep and initiative. “This new car,” I said to myself, “will be something entirely different.” But no, it was of all conventional things the most conventional. It boasted not a single feature that was not standard practice three or four years ago. That it would be well and conscientiously built the name of its makers was ample guarantee. But what is the use? It enters the most strenuous and, incidentally, the most populated, section of the arena, where the struggle to keep alive is at its most desperate. And it is consequently up against rivals who, besides being bigger and stronger, have dug themselves in, and are very naturally not going, with any great goodwill, to open their ranks to admit a newcomer, especially when it has nothing to justify its existence. It passes my comprehension that responsible people can do this sort of thing. But they do it, and they go on doing it, as though certain fundamental lessons never could be learnt.

(Continued on p. 2)



AT LORD ILLINGWORTH'S SHOOT AT RAMSGILL, YORKS

A lunch-time group of Lord Illingworth's house party on the Ramsgill Moors on the Twelfth. The host is in the centre and others included in the picture are: Colonel E. W. Stanyforth, Mr. G. C. Waud, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell-Henry, Mr. Dudley Illingworth, Captain S. J. Montague, and Colonel and Mrs. Heyworth-Savage



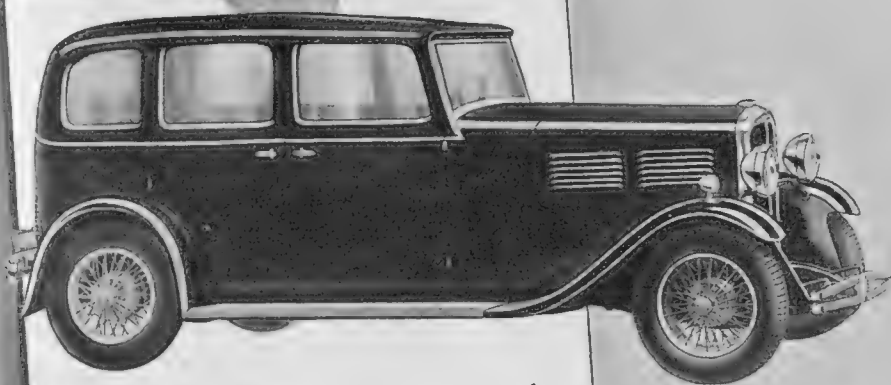
“THE TWELFTH”—LORD BRACKLEY AND THE HON. WILLIAM HOME

At the Earl of Home's shoot over the Douglas Castle Moors, Lanarkshire. The Hon. William Home is Lord Home's third son, and Lord Brackley is the Earl of Ellesmere's only son

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday

The All-British Standard PROGRAMME for 1931

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Models and Prices for 1931.

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"BIG NINE" FABRIC SALOON 3-speed £215

Extra equipment includes "Stanlite" Sliding Roof, Luggage Grid, Coloured Wire Wheels, Rear Blind, Roof Light, Front and Rear Shock Absorbers, Safety Glass Screen, Dipping Headlights. Exterior fittings, including lamps of Stainless Steel or Chromium plated.

"BIG NINE" COACHBUILT SALOON 3-speed £225

Extra Equipment as above.

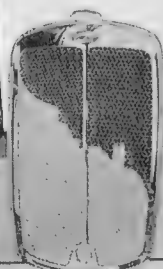
"BIG NINE" "SPECIAL" FABRIC SALOON 4-speed silent third Gear Box. £245

Extra equipment includes Leather Upholstery, Safety Glass throughout. Bumper bars front and rear. Coloured Wire Wheels.

"BIG NINE" "SPECIAL" COACH-BUILT SALOON 4-speed silent third Gear Box. £255

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Models and Prices for 1931

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4-speed silent third Gear Box.

Extra equipment includes best quality furniture hide upholstery. Safety Glass throughout. Dipping Headlights. Exterior fittings of Stainless Steel or Chromium plated. Bumper bars front and rear. Electric Petrol gauge and Screen Wiper. Luggage Grid. Companion Sets.

"ENSIGN" SIX "SPECIAL" COACH-BUILT SALOON

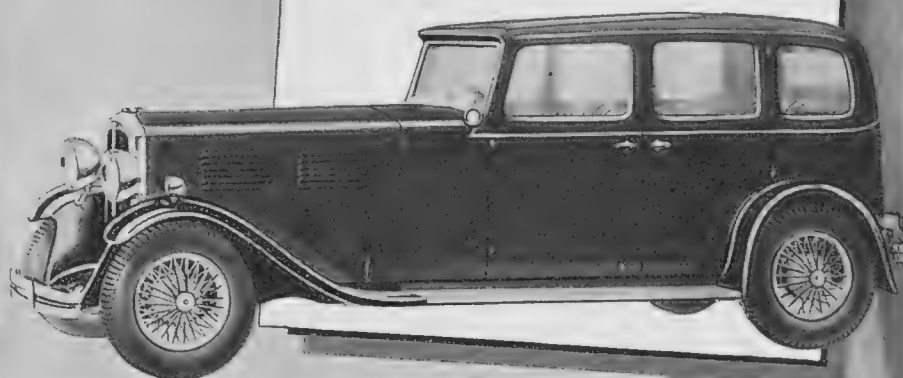
4-speed silent third Gear Box.

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THE 'ENVOY' TWENTY. The general design of this well-known Standard model will remain as before, but for 1931 a new and improved engine of 20 h.p. is fitted. Other improvements include new radiator and bonnet, with Thermostatically controlled shutters; Marles steering in place of worm and nut; and 4-speed silent third gear box. The body is a genuine half-panelled Weymann, with concealed sliding roof. Interior finish and equipment greatly improved, and centre and side arm-rests fitted to rear seats. Price - £385



Dunlop Tyres as Standard

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, CANLEY WORKS, COVENTRY

Whatever may happen to the date of next year's Open Championship (and naturally there is consternation in Scotland at the Open being fixed for the week already sanctioned by the Advisory Committee for the Scottish Championship), one thing is certain—the course itself will be absolutely above criticism. Portmarnock not only provided Kingsford-Smith with the perfect taking-off place for his Atlantic flight; we all devoutly hope that it will provide also the perfect course whereon we may once more repel the American invasion. Three things alone can make that tolerably certain, and the last of these is the most important, either that Miss Wethered should return to the fray for that eventful week; or that it should blow and rain so furiously (Ireland, one hears, can do both) that no Americans can stand against it; or that those of our players who meet them should indubitably and beyond question be finer golfers than their opponents. One simply cannot conceive a fairly good player beating a really good one round Portmarnock, nor the merely really good beating the superlative; given the right tees, the course is such an utterly just test of golf that it is impossible to picture anybody being beaten by her inferior. Consequently, if we can be sure of playing better than our visitors we are safe. But that is a very large and exacting if.

All of which sounds rather heavy and serious, patriotic and solemn. Believe me, there will be nothing solemn at Portmarnock unless we sober-minded (dare one say, grim?) English golfers smuggle it in through the Customs.

Talking of Customs, some golfers seem to be fearing all sorts of bogies about going into the Irish Free State. Let them bury them quickly. The procedure, for instance, over a car is just the same as going to the Continent, a matter of arrangement with the A.A. or R.A.C., with a returnable deposit; the Customs are somewhat quicker and a great deal cleaner than at a Continental port, and officials' courtesy itself, and for the rest Dublin is an orderly, fine city, extraordinarily small, and easy to get out of—twenty minutes taking you either into lonely mountains or, alternatively, to Portmarnock. Imagine yourself leaving Dublin for Portmarnock. Slums seem non-existent; one minute you are in O'Connell Street (formerly Sackville Street) and the next running through country lanes, looking across a strip of land-locked sea, then along a road of sleepers through the sand-dunes, and finally the comfortable club-house which you have seen across the water discloses itself, and beyond it stretches the first tee. One writes "stretches" advisedly. I believe that it would need quite a strong mashie shot to reach the front of that tee from the back of it, and that is one reason why Portmarnock is such a magnificent championship course; the length and choice of tee means that the direction of the wind can be studied, so can the sex of the player, and the perfect test provided at each hole under any circumstances.

Beside the tee, in fact, all down the first hole, that strip of sea water awaits the real and rampant slice; a lesser one is punished by a goodly line of sandhills which obscure your view of the green. As that green is normally within reach of your second shot, that seaward excursion is, to say the least of it, a pity. You leave the sea for the second hole; if your slice is still with you, and more virulent than ever, you might awaken the dogs which lie sleeping in the little white cottage; at the third the sea, or at all events, marshy shore, return to lie in wait, as you feel your way, not so much round the dog-leg as round the bow window to the green. It would be a very determined slicer who should



Portmarnock: Looking towards the 14th green

EVE AT GOLF

Portmarnock, where Next Year's Open will be Played

By ELEANOR E. HELME

tackle the second shot with a short club, there being some distinctly subtle distance judging and slope calculating to do. Six comes back again, another high carry, a long second, to be steered to just the spot which you feel the easiest jumping-off ground for the third on to the big, undulating plateau where the green lies. Seven, a short hole, beset with bunkers, sandhills, and slopes. Eight has one of the finest pitches to follow a good drive that your heart could wish, where you must make up your mind whether you will pitch in the hollow and run up or pitch boldly on top. The green is broad but desperate short; some of the others are long but desperate narrow; you never have it both ways at Portmarnock. Ninth, a dog-leg up to the club-house, and if you can tell the gallery sitting on the bank above the green that you are out in the thirties, you may think yourself a good golfer.

Then away over tiger country of sand and gorse and stunted hawthorn, and a pitch on to the only one green of the eighteen which may be a little kind to a loose approach. Perhaps the next hole, the eleventh, will look dull to you; play it a few times and you will find that apparently harmless bunker in the middle of it governs, intimidates, compels you, more than you would like to own, and if the hole is easier than some—well, be thankful for a breather before tackling the twelfth, a mashie shot up to the top of the dunes nearest the seashore, a hole not unlike the first short hole at Westward Ho! but far more deceptive. Thirteenth, turn your back on the sea, and make no mistake about the straightness of your second shot. Fourteenth, drive for the top of Ireland's Eye which you see beyond the sandhills, and then take all your courage for a magnificent second shot up on to a small, sloping plateau round which sand and bent seem to surge like a hungry sea. Fifteenth, a short hole on to an upturned pie-dish of a green, with a bunker uncomfortably full of charm taking a bite out of it. Sixteenth, a mighty affair over two lots of cross bunkers. Seventeenth, credited with having twenty-eight bunkers, mainly flanking. Eighteenth, severely bunkered for the inveterate slicer with phalanxes of cars or with the windows of the club-house nearer in. Those perils avoided, there is a beautiful rolling green divided by a bank of sandhills from the ninth. What are the chief requirements of the player who would win at Portmarnock? To be able to drive where

she means to, or her second shot will be impossible; to be very sure whether she is playing a pitch and run or a definite pitch; to have great courage in adversity, for she cannot hope altogether to escape it, and to have faith in her putting.

The greens are not extreme in slope, there is water laid on to them, but when they are fiery or a high wind blows, then only the player who can keep her head still, who does not look up apprehensively to see where she has gone, will get near the hole.



Mrs. Jameson driving from the 1st tee at Portmarnock



"My dear - I feel so gloriously fresh - I've just discovered the latest in toiletry"



"THE softest, most absorbent cleansing tissues you could imagine. Just like a piece of thistledown, and ever so much more absorbent than a face-towel. And when they're soiled you simply throw them away—no bother or expense with the laundry. They're in the cunningest box, so that two of the tissues are always ready. And then there's *Pond's Skin Freshener*, in the most severely modern bottle. You splash it on your face after wiping away the cold cream, and it is most exhilarating. Made specially for use after *Pond's Cold Cream*, it is just correctly astringent. You *must* try them, my dear!"

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The best means of removing cold cream. Soft and absorbent as old linen, yet will not roll into balls. Discarded when soiled. Per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

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An astringent carefully prepared for use after cold cream. It brings a delightful glow of natural colour to the cheeks. Per Bottle 4/-, 2/6 and 1/-.

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Cleansing Tissues & Skin Freshener

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Please send me your special Sample Box containing *Pond's Cold Cream*, *Pond's Vanishing Cream* and your two new preparations, *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* and *Pond's Skin Freshener*, for which I enclose Postal Order for 6d.

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103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



This simple linen frock comes from Wm. Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street, W. The skirt is box-pleated and the corsage is reinforced with a linen vest and turn-over collar. (See p. ii)

Playing for Safety.

THE great French fashion houses have flung open their doors and have revealed the secrets that they have been so carefully guarding; of course some of them, as was only natural, previously leaked out. It is evident that these dressmakers are playing for safety, as their creations have been inspired by the fashions of well-nigh every period, including the Grecian, the Medieval, and the Victorian. Later on there will be a happy mingling of the most important and becoming notes. There is no doubt that this *mélange* will be exceptionally attractive. Fashion always dislikes revolution but is a firm believer in evolution.

Waist-lines and Skirts.

Generally speaking skirts for evening and afternoon indoor wear are longer; ankle-length and an inch from the ground for the former, and rather shorter for the latter—so much depends on the figure. For in- and out-of-town

wear the skirts will terminate two or three inches below the knees. The normal waist-line is present in most of the new models, indeed some of them curve up in front. Slender waists are still banished, nevertheless the uncorseted effect is noticeable. That does not signify that corsets are not worn, only so much attention has been focussed on their creation that they perform their work of supporting and protecting the figure unobtrusively.

New Notes in Corsages.

As to the corsages, they are very simple in design; in a few the cross-over effect is present; it is, however, more usual to find narrow pleats over the shoulders and a neat little vest—frequently of antique lace—caught at the base with a crystal ornament, similar to those worn



This coat, of which two views are given, was built by Henry Vanek, 11, Orchard Street, Portman Square. It is carried out in Zibeline cloth trimmed with sable-dyed squirrel. (See p. ii)



It is of stockinette that this red-and-white coat is made. It is double-breasted, and comes well down over the hips. It owes its origin to Fernden, 32, George Street, Hanover Square, W. (See p. ii)

on the hats. Sometimes the bodices have narrow basques; when they are double they give a somewhat *bouffant* effect. This idea is repeated on the skirt in the form of a flounce. At the back square sailor collars are introduced with mitred or hemstitched edges. A notable dressmaker has launched a diagonally draped bodice; the material is draped back and front from just below one shoulder to the waist, the rest of the corsage being of lace. The Directoire influence is present in other models with the wide, square-cut revers, more often than not accompanied by wide sashes.

Satin, Velvet, and Georgette.

Rather unexpectedly satin velvet and georgette are the accepted fabricating mediums; there are of course some exceptionally beautiful lamés and laces; for the moment printed fabrics have somewhat lost their prestige. Black and white are well-nigh universal; this may be on account of the wave of

(Continued on p. ii)

Hard work
never brought you
those heavy eyes,
that pasty skin.

The foodways
of your body —
clogged through
UNSUSPECTED
CONSTIPATION
— are slowly
poisoning you

ENO'S FRUIT SALT



The habit of waiting until constipation becomes acute, and then using some crude and violent purgative, should be unthinkable to any intelligent person. Two wrongs do not make a right. To abuse in such a manner the delicate tissues of your foodways, already steeped in the poisons of constipation, is to risk serious harm. Eno's "Fruit Salt," on the other hand, simply restores those motive salines which are present in a complete natural dietary, but notoriously lacking in our modern food. These salines act by the natural process of osmosis, retaining in the foodway sufficient fluid to dilute and dismiss the stagnant contents, and leaving it clean and sweet. Look after yourself. Take ENO first thing every morning. And avoid all dangerous substitutes.



Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered Trade Marks

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



AN EVENING ENSEMBLE

Picture by Blake

The dress is of black georgette reinforced with an abbreviated cape at the back. The coat with bell sleeves lined throughout with white satin is of black velvet. It may be seen in the Inexpensive Dress Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's

economy that is sweeping the land, as black and white frocks remain undated far longer than coloured. Among the colours to be considered are exquisite prune and burgundy shades as well as the whole gamut of browns, including the elusive nuances in the Virginian creeper when the leaves begin to fall. A dark-green that is not quite a bottle, neither is it an emerald, has made its debut, and is sure to be warmly applauded.

Washing Crêpe and Satin.

As there are many who are thinking of a visit to South Africa, Australia, and other places where summer is being anticipated, attention must be drawn to Wm. Coulson and Sons' (105, New Bond Street, W.) washing frocks. Who would not desire to own the effective model seen on the left of p. 376? It is carried out in pale-blue linen; the white linen vest is hemstitched and the collar is decorated with a broderie anglaise design, and although the skirt is box-pleated the cost is only £7 7s. Neither must it be overlooked that there are washing crêpe dresses for 7½ guineas, those of crêpe de chine being 6½ guineas. A feature is likewise made in these salons of washing satin jumpers in delicate pastel shades for 3½ guineas; they do indeed represent wonderful value, and alone are well worth a visit to view.

Blankets and Bath Sets.

It must not be overlooked that Wm. Coulson and Sons excel in household linens as well as in bath sets. Twenty-five shillings is the cost of their newest bath set carried out in Terry towelling; it consists of one bath mat, two bath towels, two face towels, and two face flannels. Then there are the new Lan-Air-Cel blankets; they are cellular, woven from the finest Scotch wool; single-bed size they are £5 5s. per pair, and double-bed size, £6 6s. per pair. A few words must be said about the uncrushable, guaranteed, fadeless bedspreads; they wash beautifully, require no ironing, and are available in eight colour schemes. They range in price from 50s. to 65s.

The Sports Shop.

Everyone must visit Fernden's (32, George Street, Hanover Square, W.) sports shop, as the prices which prevail are exceptionally moderate and the wrap-frocks and accessories are smart and practical. It was there that the stockinette double-breasted coat pictured on p. 376 was sketched; it is available in a variety of coloured grounds with white spots; think of the innumerable occasions on which it may appropriately be worn, as it is both warm and light. There are also to be seen sleeveless washing-silk frocks for 49s. 6d. Again, there are the washing-silk riding-shirts with detachable collars for £2 2s. Attention must be drawn to the heavy tweed coats for shooting; they are 5½ guineas, and can be made to measure without extra charge provided they are not out-sizes. A new fabric has appeared; it is neither a tweed nor a stockinette; it wears remarkably well; coat-frocks made of it are £5 5s.

The Art of the Tailor.

There is no one who understands the art of the tailor better than Henry Vanek, 11, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W.; he has also salons at Poole Hill, Bournemouth, and 493-5, Christchurch Road, Boscombe. He has built the coat on p. 376, of which two views are given; it is carried out in Zibeline cloth trimmed with sable dyed squirrel; the simulated cape is very attractive and the stitching decorative. The envelope pocket is a decidedly new note, and of course everything has been done to create a slender effect. As in these days of inflated income-tax pounds, shillings, and pence are of paramount importance, it must be mentioned that tailored-suits and wrap-coats are from £8 8s., and leather coats from 10 guineas. Many of them are built-on absolutely non-committal lines.

Inexpensive Frocks.

All desirous of replenishing their wardrobe for a modest sum must wend their way to the inexpensive dress department of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, where the ruling price is £6 6s., out-size, 21s. extra. Who would not desire to own the evening ensemble illustrated on this page; the dress is carried out in black georgette; the skirt is arranged in graduated tiers, while on the corsage is an abbreviated cape. The black velvet coat which completes the scheme is lined with white satin and has bell sleeves. Decidedly decorative is a black satin evening dress with coat to match, the neck-line of the latter outlined with fur. Satin and georgette share honours in another model, and there are others of georgette decorated with fringe. Here are likewise to be seen a splendid assortment of frocks for day wear.

BITES !



DAB SOME

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z! Here come the summer pests—gnats, mosquitoes, wasps! Are you going to be tormented again this year? Already in your house you have the quickest, pleasantest healer of bites and stings—the MILTON you use every morning to clean your mouth and your teeth. It will soothe away pain and inflammation—stop the swellings before they start, or quickly reduce them if they have started.

Bites and stings are not just painful. They're dangerous. But even when the skin has been scratched and broken—MILTON rapidly heals—makes poisoning impossible.

This summer, keep your bottle of MILTON handy. Apply it neat. Rub it well into the skin. Repeat as many times as you like—MILTON can only do good.

MILTON ON!



MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

The Pool of Water—continued

Jasmina saw the pool of water but did not hesitate. To avoid it were impossible, it covered the whole width of the road; she stepped into it blindly, gave a little cry, and fell backwards. The veil that her hands had clasped together fell apart, she struggled to arise. Hussein leaned over her angrily. He ordered her quickly to cover herself with the muddy veil.

Fatma rushed out excitedly: "Oh my poor child! What a mess! How could I have been such a fool as to throw down water?"



PRESIDENT COSGRAVE AND LORD POWERSCOURT

Lord Powerscourt, who is actively concerned in the Irish Hospitals Trust, has secured the good-will of President Cosgrave towards the sweepstake, now legalised in Ireland, on the Manchester November Handicap, and he is here seen presenting a sweep-ticket to the President. The first prize in the sweep is £50,000

Hussein looked anxiously up and down the road, and was thankful there was no one in sight. He cursed horribly at the accident, and vowed it was the last time his wife should ever go out.

Fatma was shaking her head grimly: "You cannot go to your mother like that. Come in and I will clear you."

Hussein did not protest. It seemed indeed the only thing to do. Into Fatma's house, however, he could not follow. There were women, she said, within. He sat down resignedly a few paces away in the dry sand and lit a cigarette.

Fatma fulfilled her promise. The most beautiful young man awaited Jasmina. A Spahi soldier draped in a scarlet burnous which he quickly threw aside. Jasmina could not know that he was like a young Roman conqueror, but she knew he was the most beautiful man in the world. No princess in the Thousand and One Nights ever had a more princely lover. Fatma removed her muddy outer covering and, under pretence of washing it, departed

leaving them alone. Jasmina forgot her old morose husband waiting in the street. That day she did not go to see her mother. Hussein took her straight back home and beat her because she had kept him waiting in the street so long.

She did not care and hardly even cried. The great romance had happened . . . a lover, young and beautiful! It mattered not if she never saw him again—though how she longed to! The vision of him would remain with her all her life. She knew now what a man could be . . . she would re-live in her dreams . . . she could tolerate her hateful husband, his selfishness and jealousy.

Treat her as he would, she at least was even with him. He would never know, but she had the satisfaction in her heart of having fooled him!

Jasmina dared to confide in me. *Rumias* (foreigners), she knew, were trustworthy, and they had understanding: "Revenge!" she concluded with a smile of satisfaction, "Revenge is a sweet sensation." And her eyes flashed as they used to when she was a child.

Fatma was discreet; she guarded a secret that, if revealed, meant death, and I never let her know I knew, but I enjoyed her abstract discussion concerning women:

"Awa! There is nothing a man can do if a woman means to deceive him; she will manage it somehow, even though he shut her up between high walls and lock the door and take the key!"



Mitchell Lang

LADY MAUD CARNEGIE AND THE EARL OF STRATHMORE

At the recent match between the Strathmore XI and Lord Carnegie's XI in Strathmore Park, Forfar. Lady Maud Carnegie (Princess Maud) is a sister of the Duchess of Fife, and married Lord Carnegie, the eldest son of the Earl of Southesk in 1923

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Charming Coiffures.

Perhaps it is not as well known as it should be that Ray, 326, Oxford Street, W., has won many prizes for permanent waving and postiches, and that if it can be said that he excels in one thing more than another it is in the creation of postiches for the Court and the arrangement of the veil and feathers. This season he has been more successful than ever. To him must be given the credit of the coiffure seen on this



A charming postiche created by that well-known artist in hair, M. Ray, 326, Oxford Street, W.

page; it is arranged with the novel hair-cut which gives a perfect shape to the head. The hair is permanently waved, the waves being large and very soft; they are quite flat at the back of the crown; this gives an air of variety and distinction. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this hairdresser's postiches are natural and undetectable.

Permanent Waving.

The art of permanent waving is well understood at the House of Ray; a new method of steam permanent waving is used, and as a consequence the hair does not need washing after the process. The needs of every client are carefully

studied, the waves following the contour of the head. Neither must it be overlooked that M. Ray specializes in permanently curling the hair.

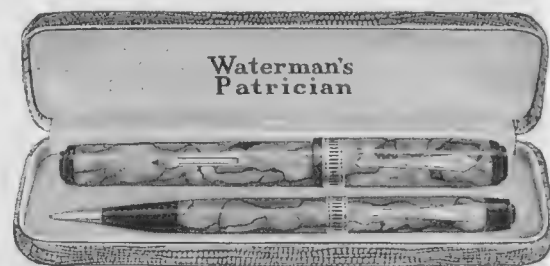
Waterman's Newest—the Patrician.

By adding a series of exquisitely-coloured models to their already extensive range of pens, Waterman's have well met the desires of their numerous admirers. The new series introduces not only colour but a new size, a new design, and a new standard of high quality. Waterman's Patrician—for that is its name—is an outstanding pen even among the Waterman aristocracy of pens. In style and craftsmanship it is years ahead, and in writing quality it conforms to the Waterman tradition of perfection.

Stationers all over the country now have the Waterman's Patrician pen in jet, emerald, onyx, turquoise, and nacre at 2 guineas, with pencil to match at 1 guinea; the set—pen and pencil combined—in handsome case at 3 guineas. Any stationer will welcome an opportunity of showing you this forty-seventh anniversary triumph of a famous firm.

A Summer Need.

During the hot weather the entire system becomes relaxed, giving one a general feeling of lassitude. An excellent remedy which will keep the organs of the body in healthy activity and promote a cool, fresh vigour is Dinneford's pure fluid magnesia. With the addition of a teaspoonful of lemon juice it makes a delicious beverage. For children a daily dose constitutes the first line of defence against all childish ailments, and is beneficial to the most delicate constitution. Large bottles of this useful ally to health cost only 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and are obtainable everywhere.



Waterman's newest—the Patrician



MANCHESTER

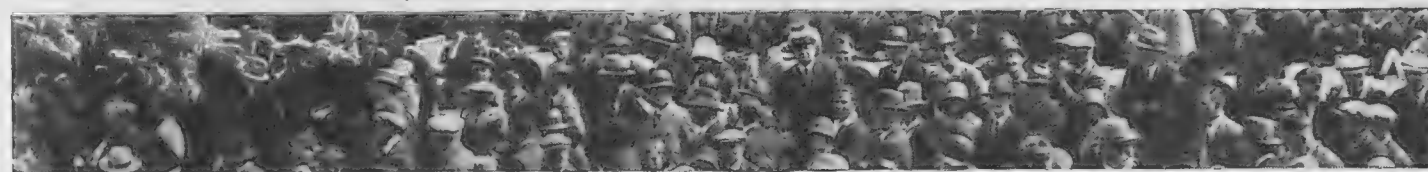


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SCORE BOARD STOP MEN COMMA WOMEN BREATHLESS



WITH EXCITEMENT AS RECORD AFTER RECORD



WAS BROKEN STOP

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* The mechanical cricket scoreboard shown above has given hundreds of thousands of people accurate and graphic representation of the recent Test Matches. This device was installed by Johnnie Walker—always to the forefront of sporting events. The firm of John Walker and Sons is the first private concern in the world to give the public this type of sport-reporting service.

Marvels Yielded from the Unclenching Hand of Radio

Investigating the "Blind-spots" and Probing Cloud-hidden Eclipse

By EAMON GARRY

It is generally assumed that the function of radio is to provide entertainment for about 15,000,000 people in this country; the truth is that radio is the magic key that opens the door of a vast miracle house whose amazing treasures will be distributed among mankind year after year. Radio has by no means done its best thing yet. As the beginning of the season nears, marked by the greatest Radio Exhibition, at Olympia next month, the world has ever seen, the unclenching hand of Nature reveals some of the remarkable radio gifts that the near future will bring into our possession.

This week I will depart from discussing radio programmes in order to mention some of the marvels of wireless communication which are sufficient to hint at the amazing developments of the future. It should never be forgotten that radio is a natural effect—it is a divine gift to the world, blessing mankind quite apart from any effort of man. It belongs to Nature in exactly the same way as the air, the wind, the sun, the rain belong. And just as we are gradually discovering the further uses of sunshine, so there is a continuous investigation of the natural element called radio in order to increase its beneficial uses.

An eclipse of the sun is in exactly the same class of natural phenomena as any radio development. And, moreover, there is a mystery in an eclipse which, when solved, will cause a revolution in radio. To that end, every unusual movement in the firmament is investigated by radio reactions in order to discover more of Nature's secrets that will add to the human enjoyment that wireless entertainment gives. Two eclipses of the sun take place every year, and on those occasions eerie investigations are made, and the thrills of space are brought to every radio-set owner's fireplace.

The last total eclipse whose belt of totality was located in this country took place a year or two ago. Practically every broadcasting station of the B.B.C. undertook to investigate and transmit its observations. Dawn came on the fateful day, and the many thousands who gathered on hill-tops to see the eclipse were disappointed because the sun was hidden behind mountains of clouds. But the eye of radio pierced the cloudbanks and followed clearly the progress of the eclipse.

Radio signals which were flashing from all over the world slowly faded as the eclipse violently disturbed the atmosphere. The radio investigators were making minute observations and taking exact notes.

Total eclipse began at 6.25 a.m. and from that moment until 6.30 the radio world was absolutely disorganized. Signals faded out of existence, only to return a second later very weak. These spasmodic fadings were so rapid that the stenographers had great difficulty in making the necessary shorthand record.

Millions of miles away, with a continent of clouds intervening, the drama of a moon-covered sun was enacted, but only radio could tell the story. As the moon moved away from the vicinity of the sun, the blanket of sound-damping which had blacked out the radio signals of the world slowly lifted. When the eclipse was passed radio-transmission attained the normal. For the listener-in there is a great significance in all this; on that occasion one of Nature's secrets was stolen; with what they discovered during those six fateful minutes radio scientists are perfecting a process which will rob listening-in of the evil of "atmospherics," which so often spoils B.B.C. programmes.

Listening-in depends on two natural elements—air and earth. I have, in the foregoing, hinted that the defects which the atmosphere causes in radio-casting are being analyzed and conquered. In the same way the electrical mystery of the earth is being probed so that radio programmes will be received with absolutely flawless clarity. Recently, in an underground cave, scientists used the force of radio to investigate the geological nature of earth in relation to wireless entertainment.

All electrical agents in the vicinity of the cave were removed, including telephone wires, and elaborate precautions were taken to see that the ether waves came directly through the earth and not along wires. An aerial of 300 ft. was constructed and fixed in the roof of the cave, and this served the receiving apparatus. The aerial picked up the ether waves although the roof of the cave was 250 ft. of solid rock, through which the radio-cast programmes penetrated. The experimenters were successful in tuning-in all the long-wave stations, and with the data they secured they are investigating to discover the reason that prevented short-wave penetration. When this mystery is elucidated it will be possible to extract amazing results from a new method of "earthing." The investigations are now proceeding along the line of burying the aerial by placing 100 ft. of copper wire in an earthenware pipe and burying this 6 ft. deep in the earth.

Another line of investigation being held is into the "blind spots" of the ether. There are several areas all over the country where radio reception is poor enough to be negligible. This is due to the fact that an "atmospheric shadow" is cast over those areas, constituting a "blind spot" for radio just as aviators have to contend with air-pockets. There is one near Bournemouth, and this is being used as the experimental base by the researchers.



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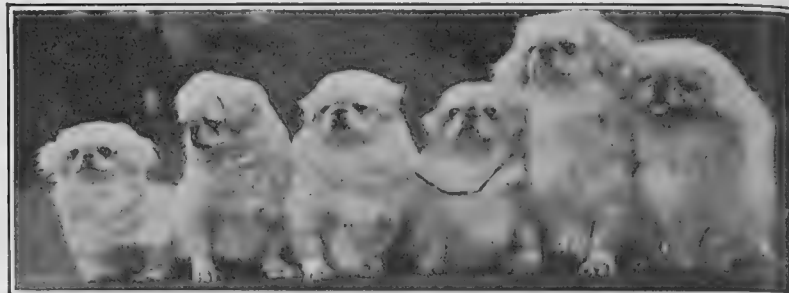
PRINSUÈDE

The Suède of Super Quality



Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The Portsmouth Canine Association held a show on Southsea Common on July 29. Among the judges were Lady Howe and Lady Burton. The proceedings were enlivened by a machine-gun practice in the near neighbourhood all the morning, but it was an excellent test as to "gun-shyness," and strangely enough, very few dogs were affected. There was an interesting Obedience Class. Several gun-dogs competed, also a very well-trained Airedale. Undoubtedly these classes are of great interest both to handlers and spectators, and are also very useful, as they will help to destroy the legend which still lingers in some people's mind that the high-class show dog has not as much intelligence as the mongrel.



WHITE PEKINGESE
The property of Mrs. Goad

White Pekingese are at present much sought after; they are not common or easy to get really white, not cream, with black nose and eye-rims. Mrs. Goad seems to have solved the problem of how to breed them; she sends a lovely photograph of some of her dogs. She has white ones of all ages for sale. It is unnecessary to say her dogs are good, they are well known. She is looking for a partner as, owing to ill-health, she cannot attend to her dogs as much as she would like. She also wants a really good kennel-maid.

By the time these notes appear the holiday season will be in full swing. Our members will have dispersed in all directions, some abroad, some to

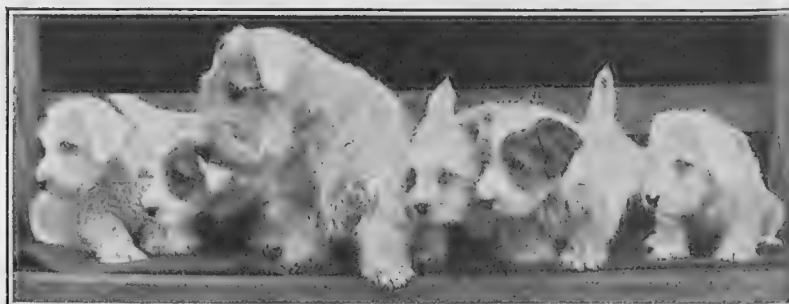
the sea, and some to enjoy a "bus-man's holiday" by visiting distant shows. Among those who have left England is our chairman, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, who has gone to Ireland. Lady Kathleen, as we all know, is very much interested in French bulldogs, in fact she has supported them since the far-off days of the late Mr. G. Krehl and the shows at the "Tank." She writes she has two good puppies for sale, cheap, as pets. They are six months old and house-trained. Anyone who knows Lady Kathleen, knows that in her case "house-trained" means the puppies have had all their mental qualities developed as well, as her dogs are invariably treated as personalities not as animals, and are members of the family. These puppies are very well-bred and are only sold as others are coming on. As I have often said before, French bulldogs make particularly suitable companions for people who live in towns.



FRENCH BULLDOG PUPPY
The property of Lady Kathleen Pilkington

I much regret to say that Mrs. Graves died on August 30. Mrs. Graves was for many years a member of our Executive Committee and always took the greatest interest in the Association, rarely missing a meeting. On her retirement through ill-health she was appointed a Vice-President. Mrs. Graves bore her long illness with gallant courage, and retained her interest in her dogs till the end. She was well known as a judge, exhibitor, and breeder of the rather rare corded poodle and won both certificates at our Open Show. To Mr. Graves we offer our sympathy.

Among all the breeds introduced of recent years none has "caught on" more than the Sealyham. He must have, like the advertisement, "supplied a long-felt want," as one sees Sealyhams, of a sort, everywhere. Miss Verrall is one of those who have done well with them; she sends a most attractive picture of a Sealyham family; some of the pups are for sale and they are very good ones. Letters to be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SEALYHAMS
The property of Miss Verrall

Eleanor Warren

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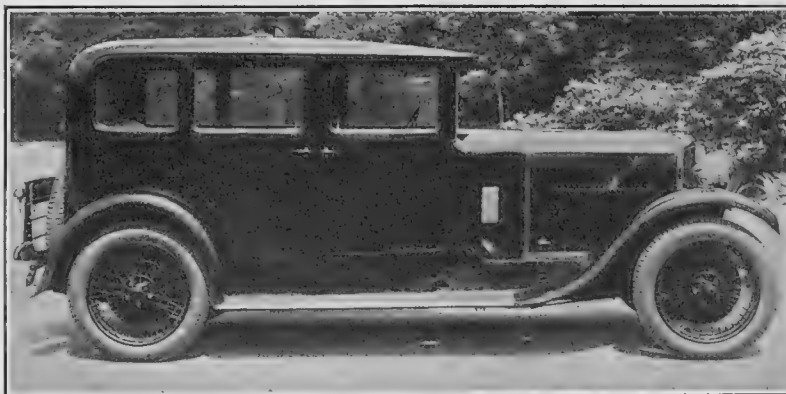
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

Petrol Vapour—continued

And the worst of it is that they are a drag upon the Big Business, which is being done by those whose vision in motor-car building extends farther than the shores of the British Isles. Yes, I admire the pluck of anyone who of his own free will comes into the automobile industry to-day. But that is about as far as I am prepared to go. I should admire him much more if he had some real reason for doing so, some new gospel to preach, or some substantial evidence of progress to bring forward.

Mulum in Parvo.

There are some who hold that the British small car is the product of nothing but absurd taxation, and that it has no chance at all outside these islands. Once upon a time I almost fell into that mistaken view myself. But it is clear that this is utterly wrong. According to the latest reports the Americans are tumbling over one another to get delivery of Austin Sevens, whilst in South Africa a most excellent performance has recently been put up by the Singer Junior. One of these cars did a trip of the whole Union—which means, of course, some really desperate stretches of so-called road—involving close on 3,000 miles, and whilst maintaining quite a respectable average speed did approximately 40 miles to the gallon. This is good going indeed over bad going, and I am not surprised that everybody concerned is proud of the feat. But the time is coming when these things will not be regarded as feats but rather as the merely commonplace for the British small car. It is not yet quite in the position of Alexander the Great, but it is rapidly getting on towards it. Only the other day I met a man who, in place of one 30-h.p. limousine, now has a dash-about, a run-about, and a dinky little saloon. They cost him, he says, far less to run, and the rising generation in his home are always happy because there is always transport available.



THE SILVER CROSSLEY

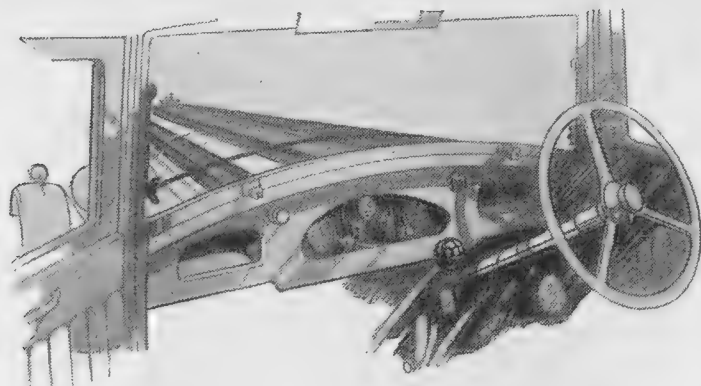
A British luxury car at a moderate price. This is the handsome new Silver Crossley, a quality-built six-cylinder five-seater 15.7-h.p. saloon just introduced by Crossley Motors, Ltd. It sells fully equipped for £545

Motor Notes and News

In the contracts referring to the supply of big power plants, ocean steamers, and other such engineering enterprises, there is usually a clause demanding a certain performance. A vessel must be capable of some stated speed, an electrical generator must produce so many kilowatts, or a stationary engine so much brake horse-power. Obviously it would be a simple thing for the designers to make an engine, for example, so much larger than is absolutely necessary that there will be no doubt

about its delivering all the power demanded by the contract guarantee. In the motor trade perhaps there is not the same necessity for this knowledge. It is frequently suggested, indeed, that an ability to foretell the results of a given alteration is neither present nor necessary in motor-designing offices, but it is difficult to believe that this is so. Surely it must always be a great advantage to know just how much difference a new device is likely to make. Such knowledge, at any rate, would seem to have been in the possession of Captain J. S. Irving, now Technical Director to the Humber-Hillman group, whose *Golden Arrow* went straight out to Daytona, did its job, and came home again. Another and more recent example is furnished by the 350-c.c. Rudge-Whitworths which took the first three places in the

Junior T.T. These engines were entirely new in design and had not been on the road until they reached the Isle of Man. Before they left the factory, Mr. Hack, the Rudge experimental chief, stated what their speed would be. In the island this was measured, and there was just one mile an hour difference between the two figures! It would be difficult to believe that the marvellous results obtained by British designers are due simply to "hit-and-miss" methods. Fortunately, however, such examples as these show that our successes are due to knowledge of a high order.



A perfectly appointed interior carried out by true craftsmen, and a chassis specification that is without equal in a car of its class—these things make the Triumph Super Seven the finest small car in the world. Models from £162 10s. 0d. or £45 9s. 6d. down. Write for the catalogue.

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

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Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

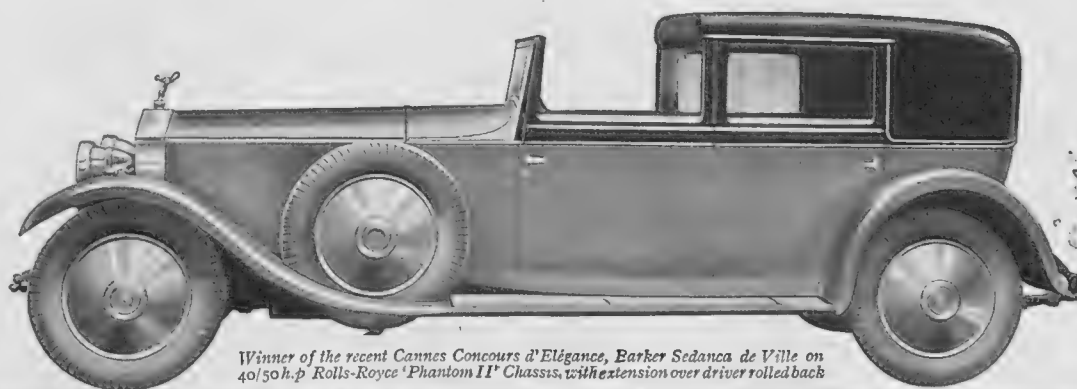
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Weddings and Engagements



MR. AND MRS. O. E. EVANS

Who were married on July 16 at the Reigate Parish Church. Mr. Evans is the only son of Mr. Charles Evans, late of Chile, and the late Mrs. Evans, and his wife was formerly Miss M. J. Edwards, and is the elder daughter of Dr. Francis Edwards and Mrs. Edwards of Reigate

Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Douglass, R.A.M.C. (retired) and Miss Evelyn Burr will take place at St. John's Church, Eastbourne, on September 2; and Mr. John Cecil Jones and Miss Moyra McNally are being married on the 9th at the Savoy Chapel.

In Bombay.

Mr. Reginald E. H. Hudson, Royal Artillery, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hamilton Hudson of Rajpore, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, is marrying

Miss Mary ("Maureen") Jones, the daughter of Captain B. Herbert Jones, C.B.E., R.I.M. (retired), and Mrs. Jones of 58, Shorncliffe Road, Folkestone, early in October, and the wedding will take place in Bombay.

* Next Month.

On September 8 Mr. Cyril Dickens Bouchier Hawksley is marrying Miss Joan Elizabeth Ballantine at St. Charles' Church, Weybridge; Mr. Geoffrey Beves Crow and Miss Doris McVitie have fixed the 6th for their wedding at St. John's, Hove; the marriage arranged between



MISS MARGARET HAYNES

Who is marrying Mr. John W. Nicholls in September, is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel G. Haynes and Mrs. Haynes of Ballater, Aberdeenshire

Recently Engaged.

Captain Basil Edward Thompson, the North Staffordshire Regiment (the Prince of Wales's), the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs.

Frank Thompson of Burton-on-Trent, and Miss Augusta Elizabeth Buckner, the youngest daughter of the late Commander W. H. P. Buckner, R.N., and Mrs. Buckner of Totnes, South Devon; Captain James E. Murphy, the East Lancashire Regiment, the eldest son of Mr. Charles E. Murphy and the late Mrs. Murphy of Inchera, Glanmire, Co.

Cork, and Miss Eve Morrogh, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morrogh of Clontymon, Cork; Lieut. Edward Raynold Wilson, Royal Navy, and Miss Barbara Anna Cobbe, the eldest daughter of the late Captain Mervyn Cobbe, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Cobbe of Swarraton, Fleet, Hampshire; Mr. John Paxton-Petty, R.E., the younger son of the late Mr. J. Paxton-Petty and Mrs. Paxton-Petty of Lamorna, Cornwall, and Miss Joan Lamorna-Birch, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lamorna-Birch of Lamorna, Cornwall.



Hay Wrightson

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. A. R. C. FLEMING

Who were also married on July 16 at St. Columba's, Pont Street. Before her wedding the Hon. Mrs. Fleming was the Hon. Alexandra Cora Wilmer Weir, and is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Inverforth



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Aldwych

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £12, or part of this sum, to help an ex-Service man and his family of four children. Until 1914 the father had a good post on one of the large liners, but he gave up his work to join up during the first few months of the War. On his discharge from the Army he was for many years among the unemployed, and when we first heard of the family, father, mother, and four children were living in one room in great poverty. Now at last he is in work but his wages are small, and undoubtedly those hard post-War years affected their health. The mother is threatened with consumption, while Lawrence (aged twelve) is having ear treatment, and little Audrey badly needs a holiday. In spite of their troubles they are a united couple. The mother tells us that she never hears an angry word from her husband. We want to collect sufficient to give a good weekly order on a dairy and grocery stores, so assuring them butter, milk, eggs, etc., and in this way giving the children a chance to grow up in good health.

As Miss Amy Johnson is in the public mind so much just now, the Columbia record made by her at Sydney (sold over here) should have a huge appeal. It is a 3s. record, on one side of which is Miss Johnson's own story of her flight, and on the reverse, appropriately enough, is a march past of the Royal Air Force played by the band of the R.A.F. All musically-minded people will be delighted with the further set of preludes and fugues from Bach's famous "48." They are from "The Well-Tempered Clavier," Nos. 10 to 17 inclusive, on four double-sided 12-in. records. Madame Clara Butt has made yet another record for Columbia, "My Country" and "There is No Death." Felix Weingartner and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra give "The Music of the Spheres" (Josef Strauss) on a 12-in. record, and another record by a famous orchestra is "The Dance of the Seven Veils" from *Salome* (R. Strauss), played by Bruno Walter and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The lighter Columbia records of the month include "Leven-Thirty Saturday Night" and "What do I Care," with Eddie Walters singing the first and Charles



LORD LUKE OF PAVENHAM

A reproduction of the presentation portrait painted by Mr. William Breally, R.O.I., R.B.A. Lord Luke, before his elevation to the peerage, was Sir George Lawson Johnston, K.B.E. In 1902 he married the Hon. Edith St. John, a sister of the present Lord St. John of Bletso

Lawman the other side; "A Bench in the Park" and "It Happened in Monterey," by Layton and Johnstone; "Crying for the Carolines" and "Have a Little Faith in Me" by the same artists; "Funny Dear, What Love Can Do" and "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love" by Ruth Etting; a very unusual record is a laughter record of "A Warm Corner," which is by Leslie Henson and the artists from the play recently at the Princes Theatre.

The holiday season causes no diminution in the output of first-class gramophone records by "His Master's Voice," and the list contains much to suggest replenishments of music for the drawing-room, the garden, and for far-afield. One cannot too highly appraise Alfred Cortot's glorious rendering of Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" on three red-label discs. This great and most exacting work has long been looked for by gramophiles, and they will be delighted with the masterly manner in which Cortot, the ideal artist for this composition, reveals the nobility of the pianoforte. The current issue is rich in intermezzos, there being three, that from *Jewels of the Madonna*, joyously given by the New Light Symphony Orchestra; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, in which De Groot's graceful violin is accompanied by Edward O'Henry on the organ; and Coleridge-Taylor's seldom heard but most pleasing Intermezzo by the Cedric Sharpe Sextet. The very mirth of music is embodied in both "Dicky Bird Hop" and "The Clock is Playing," full of tricky unexpected effects which make one laugh at the comedy playing of the New Mayfair Novelty Orchestra. Nothing more sweet has been heard than Elizabeth Schumann in Mozart's "Cradle Song," and, by way of contrast, she adds the same composer's "Warnung" and Gustav Mahler's "Wer Hat Das Liedlein." Walter Glynn is well suited in the fragrant old English ballads, "Sigh no more, Ladies" and "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes." To the collection of rollicking sea-shanties John Goss and the Male Voice Quartet breezily contribute "One More Day," "On the Banks of Sacramento," "A Dollar and a Half a Day," and "The Hog's Eye Man." Romance is breathed by George Metaxa in "Under the Texas Moon" and "Handsome Gigolo."

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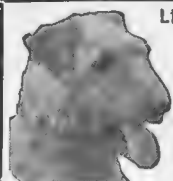
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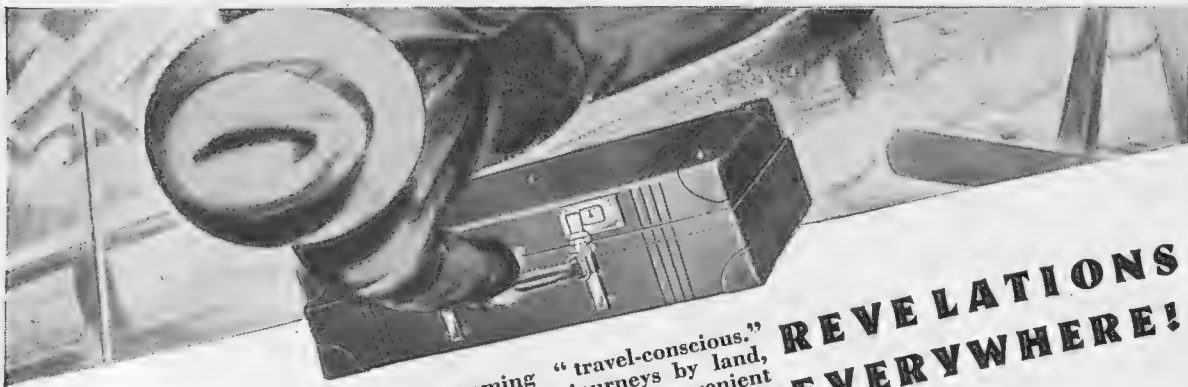
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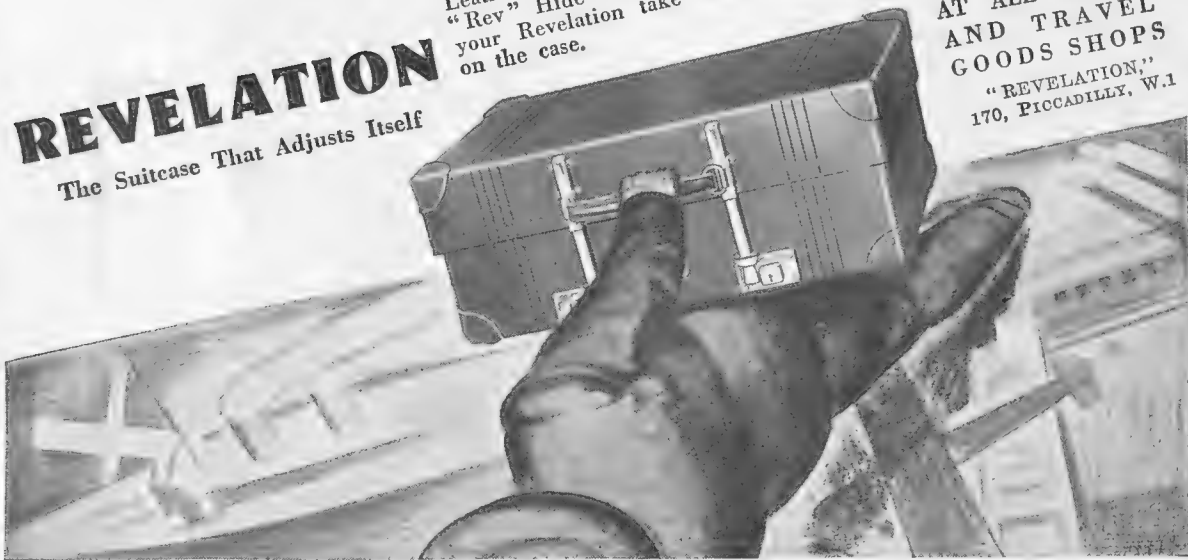
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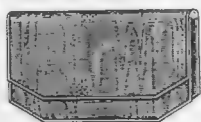
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V. 62



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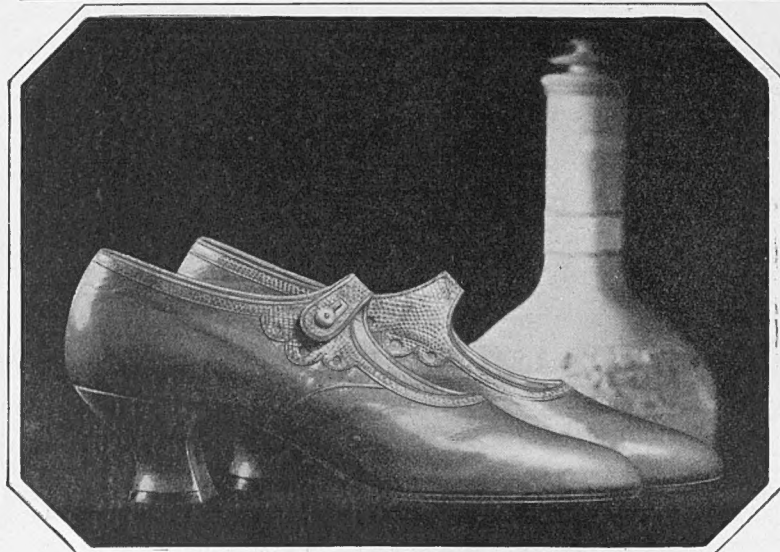
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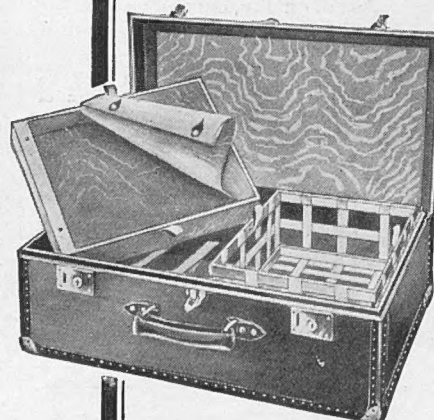
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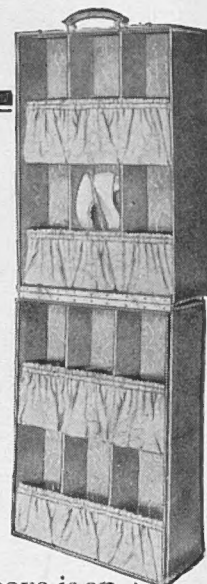
Pictured above is an ingeniously designed case to match, which holds twelve pairs of shoes, and when stood upright can be used as a locker.

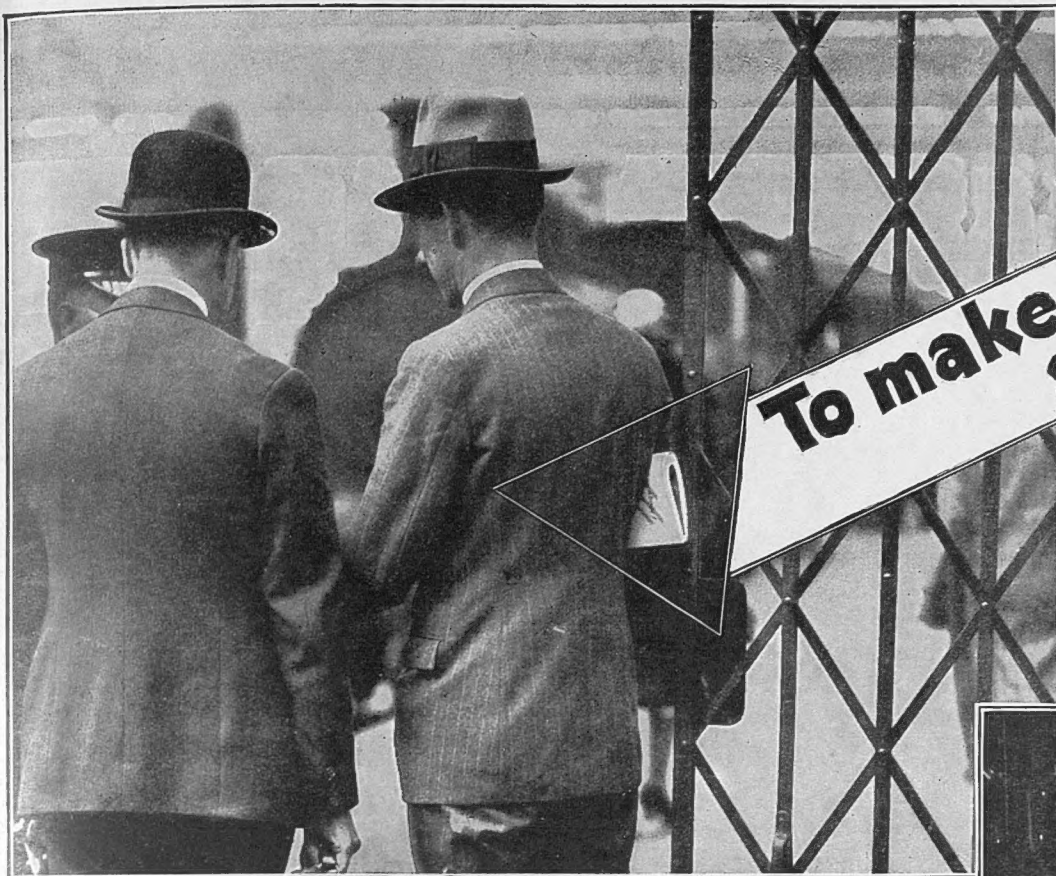
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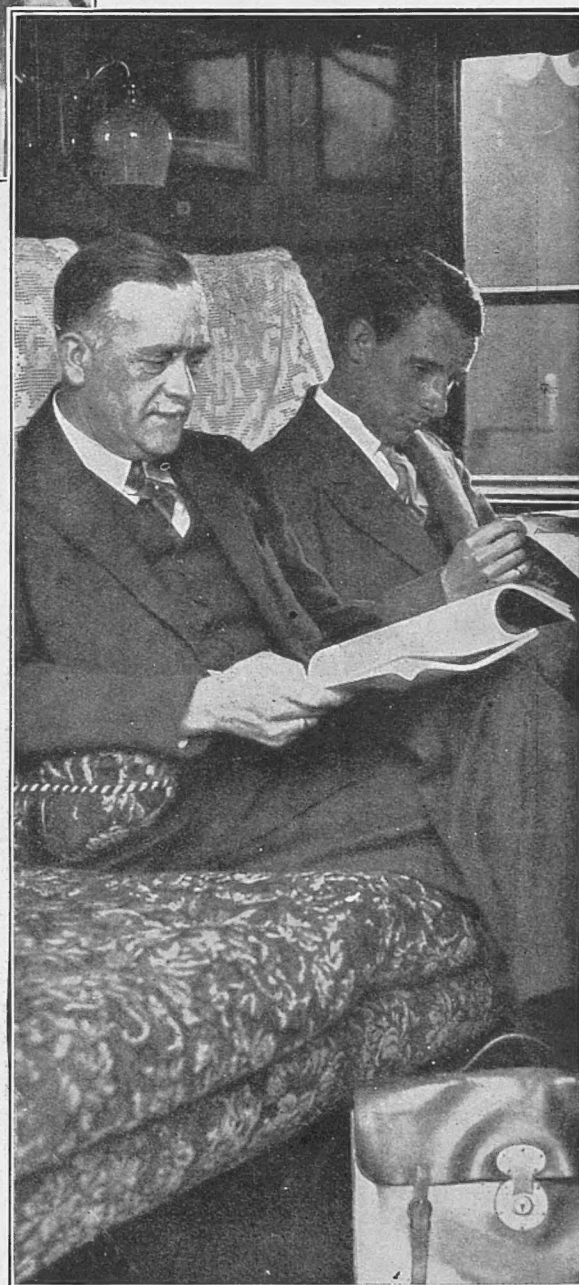
BRITANNIA and EVE

One Shilling

New Style
Magazine

.... It's all very well ragging me about being "on the beach" at Takoradi. I wasn't anything near it, although I'll admit I'd not found the right job really to take off my coat to. After getting clear of the Army, I'd come out to the West Coast on a crane-erecting job connected with the new harbour, and sat down on that comfortably enough till it was through. My contract specified passage home on the next E.D. boat, but as I'd nothing in view when I got there, I gave the steamer a miss and took on a schoolmastering job up Accra way. That was a mis-fit—or I was, and I found billets subsequently in a sisal plantation, a lime-juice foundry, a shipping office, and as clerk in an ordinary general store, which was where I was doing my day's perspiration when Miss Jerningham stepped off on to the concrete of Takoradi harbour wall.

I met her one Sunday, up at my Manager's swagger bungalow on the hill above Secondi, a grey-haired little woman, none too tidy, with a trim enough figure, and a very determined mouth. She looked at me over horn spectacles, and said she'd heard of me. I suppose one could say the same thing to General Allenby or the Prince of Wales, and either of them would be amused. I wasn't. Her looks seemed to imply that she'd heard a good many tough tales about me The rest of this rattling good story, *DRAGONS*, is in the August issue of—



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Lovely Hands*

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